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The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

O! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Dashing,
Dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell:
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from Heaven—to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead:
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow:
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sister, all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh:
For all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

For THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

THE THREE GREAT EPIC POETS.

When we survey millions on millions of rational creatures living on an isolated star in space, we naturally inquire when and how they first came there, whether they occupied their planet by any act of their own volition, or by that of some wonderful Being exercising control over their actions. Man is endowed with memory. The father relates his experience to the son. But, groping onward through ages of duration which the human mind can scarcely grasp, man has forgotten the story of his beginning. Events that happened long after that time have become so cloudy and befogged with the vapors of centuries, that they are received as doubtful or as myths. Fables, composed but a comparatively short time ago, have been seriously considered as authentic history. Ask man for information respecting his origin! He points, as the only record in which he reposes any confidence, to the patriarchal tradition of Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise. He doubts whether it be veritable history or pure allegory. But longer ago than the Trojan War—be that mighty event a fact or a romance—such was the tradition of the shepherds of the East. An idea perfectly simple, just such as coincides with man's social and physical conditions, yet just as elaborated and enriched with ornament as are most Oriental narratives, the story of the two beings who were never born, but died, is familiar to every child in Christendom. Yet upon the basis of this idea, so sublime in its simplicity, was built up the mightiest poem in the English tongue.

Of the three great epic poets, Homer, the first and grandest, is but a mere algebraic symbol for a mind, or combination of minds, that existed on our planet at some period, long, long ago. This is all we positively know concerning him. Some say he never existed, but that the grand symmetrical epic of "Ilias" was the disconnected composition of a score of ancient rhapsodists. Such overturning of beliefs deemed sacred does modern speculation make! The second in chronological order, the Florentine poet, Dante Alighieri, lived in the thirteenth century of the Christian era. About four hundred years subsequently arose John Milton, the pride of English literature, and one of the greatest geniuses among the poets of the race. Between the two last named there exists a strong resemblance. Both wrote of things about which man has no accurate knowledge, and both introduced into their poems the mysterious beings of the spirit world. Dante tells us what he himself saw in Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, just as a Gulliver would relate his travels. He tells us the exact form, size, and color of the monsters of the pit. He assures us that he himself has touched the hideous scales of Lucifer, and fled from the horrors of Tophet. He has gazed on the glorious brilliancy of the throne of God, and conversed with angels and redeemed souls. But, though the idea is a vast one: though the story and its descriptions be thrilling: though the poem be a grand effort of true poetic genius: yet it does not speak to the soul, but to the intellect; and no true Christian would desire to spend eternity in Dante's heaven,—while his Tophet would be a rather amusing spectacle than otherwise. His celestial beings are only beautiful and happy men and women; while the tortures of his lower regions are merely such bodily inflictions as might have been practised by the Inquisition. Any one that has read Marryatt's "Pacha of Many Tales," may remember a certain description in one of the "Voyages of Hadjabeck" as being peculiarly suggestive of the creations of Dante in his "Divina Comedia." The traveller is struck with the admirable skill manifested in some exquisitely sculptured statues in an enchanted palace. But he notices that the subjects fitly befit the place, as they represent merely the ordinary class of men, and are depicted—albeit with exceeding fidelity to nature—in quite inelegant and even disgusting attitudes. The explanation of the wonder (i. e., that the supposed sculptures were actually petrified men) affects not the comparison; but the description of the statues perfectly suits many of the minutely chiselled images of our poet.

Macaulay very justly observes that there exists much the same likeness between Dante and Milton as between the picture-writings of Mexico and the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The two poets are both great, each in his sphere. In fact, we can scarcely give the palm to either without doing injustice to the other. But, to one who loves to worship God from the heart, and draw themes his ideas of the spirit world, rather than perform ceremonial devotions, and form his conceptions from the grandeurs of the sense; to such an one, Dante seems a malicious dwarf beside the colossal godliness of Milton. A poetical critic, however, must abjure this mode of comparison.

We have said that between Milton and Dante there exists a resemblance, and in some respects the time-buried Homer shares this similarity. All of these three great epic poets endeavored to illustrate the bearing of divine upon human affairs, and *vice versa*. Moses tells of man's creation, his fall, and his punishment: alternately laying the scene in the celestial, terrestial, and tartarean worlds. Homer sings of the glorious deeds of men, of terrible wars, the decrees of the gods, of vengeance and of wrath. "Wrath" is the whole soul of the Iliad. The first word of the narrative expresses the entire subject,—"wrath." DANTE describes the world of the shades as one who has been there on a voyage, and, returning, writes a book of his travels.

The style of Milton is stately, as becomes the grandeur of his subject. He frequently carries the reader into the very circle of sublimity. His mind, of all others, has, with a conception almost superhuman, grasped and portrayed the emotions of archangels, and even sent his plummet far down into the depths of Satanic woe. Yet his intensity never destroys the equilibrium of the poem. *His* harmony is not like those creations of some of the great musical composers, where "harmonies [illegible]," but all moves along in majesty symmetrical, as the columns of the Parthenon. The greatest tension of sublimity is found on the very verge of its transmutation into the ridiculous, just as a rocket throws out its most brilliant lustres the very instant before falling to the ground a blackened shaft. Thus we see that where Milton is sublime, his imitators, in endeavoring to surpass him, enter the boundaries of the ridiculous. But Milton himself, borrowing an idea from a ridiculous description, sets it in the simplicity of his own language, and renders it sublime. Thus Claudian's idea of the giants throwing mountains as missiles, is rendered a burlesque by an overstepping phrase; while Addison declares, that in Milton's somewhat similar description, there is nothing that does not properly come within the limits of sublimity,—

> From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
> They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods; and by their shaggy tops
> Uprifting, bore them in their hands.

But were the "Paradise Lost" a constant succession of sublime objects, the reader's patience would weary at the effort of keeping the imagination continually on the stretch. There are many sweet passages in the poem,—for instance, the conversations of Adam and Eve. The description of the perfect loveliness of the first woman is exquisitely beautiful, and in the English language there is not a paragraph more *naive* than her own account of her creation. Then the coming on of night in the Garden of Eden, the twinkling of constellations familiar to ourselves over the lovely scenery of Paradise, the ingenuity of Satan in causing the dream of Eve,—all are drawn with an exquisite pencil, and a most masterly power of arrangement, approaching the magic of the sorcerer.

The poem awakens a strong interest, from the very nature of the subject. It touches a responsive chord in the human breast. To form a conception of the first man,—and that there must have been a first man is not beyond the logic of the lowest mind,—is a thought as natural as it is vague and mysterious. This, joined with the evident genius of the author, insure the "Paradise Lost" a listening ear from the most distant posterity.

Hand in hand they will whisper in ages and to generations yet unborn, and until sterile and narrow-minded utilitarianism shall have uprooted all the nobler sentiments from their place in human nature; until the last connecting link shall be broken between man and the angels; so long as poetic emotion has power to fire the mind, and

> "*Ad Deos* its notis; epithetis cælestibus ille,"

mankind will reserve a chamber in his memory for "the Three Great Epic Poets."

J. C.

NEO-ELECTROPATHY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY PRESS:

DEAR SIR:—I am not of those who believe in the perfection of the Medical Art as it now stands developed in the world, neither have I any wholesale condemnation for the Medical Profession on the ground of that want of perfection. The human system is the most complex of all organizations, and, for that reason, a full acquaintance with the critical and complex laws which govern its conditions of health and disease, must be one of the latest of human attainments. Neither again do I look upon the prevalence of quackeries, nostrums, and new methods of cure, as a discouraging feature of the times, but, on the contrary, I believe that this universal activity of the human mind in the direction of researches into the laws of health portends the early discovery of new and powerful remedies for disease, and that all our disappointments may be considered as prophecies of a final success. Nearly all great achievements have been preceded by a series of disastrous defeats, and whenever we see a persistency of the human mind in any given course of investigation or trial, despite of such obstacles, we believe to predict the final triumph of the endeavor.

I am led to these reflections by an interview with Mrs. E. W. Farnham, M.D., who, assisted by her son, has recently established herself in this city for the treatment of diseases, especially those of an old and obstinate character, by means of a new application of electricity or electro-magnetism, to which she gives the name of NEO-ELECTROPATHY, to denote the fact that it is not the same system with which the public is already to some extent familiar, and which has been for some time employed, with varying results, in and out of the profession.

MRS. FARNHAM is a lady well and favorably known. She was formerly matron of the Penitentiary at Sing Sing, where she became prominently identified with the reform of prison discipline. Her subsequent career as a traveller, an authoress, and a philanthropist, led to her being recognized as a lady of superior powers of mind, and especially of strong convictions and noble impulses. She has now entered the medical profession, for which many of our most intelligent women seem to have an attraction, and has become acquainted with certain very recent discoveries affecting the application of the positive and negative forces of electricity to the functions of life. The result of my interview with her has been to convince me entirely of one thing, at least, and that is, that she herself is fully and profoundly persuaded that she has in her hands the power of conferring health to a degree wholly beyond the experiences of the past; and I am always inclined to have great respect for a genuine conviction of a superior mind on any subject.

The history of electricity has been peculiar. Its relations to health and to mechanical purposes have been similar. In respect to both it has created extravagant expectations which it has by no means, hitherto, fully realized. Known, at the same time, as the most powerful auxiliary if not the actual supporter of life, and as the most irresistible force in nature, still from some subtle defect in our knowledge of its laws, it has proved alike disappointing in both spheres. In its application to health it has produced some remarkable cures, and in its application to machinery it has produced some minor results, but in neither case has it answered in practice to the magnificent hopes which seem so reasonably founded upon its almost infinite potency.

So confident, nevertheless, is the whole world that electricity is some day to be the chief motor of machinery, that nobody would be surprised if, to-morrow, it were made certain that another steamboat would never be built, because somebody had found out the secret of rightly applying electricity to the driving of heavy machinery. And so, it seems to me, that a corresponding discovery by which disease should be removed from the human system and new currents of life be established with marvellous uniformity in the dilapidated constitutions of the infirm, by the same powerful agency, would surprise far less than it would delight the world. I am not prepared to affirm, upon my own responsibility, that any such discovery has been made, but I am prepared to say that undoubtedly such is the conviction of the gifted woman whose name we have mentioned, and some facts in connection with her practice, of which I am particularly cognizant, seem to intimate that there must be more in the matter than her simple conviction. Enclosing my real name and address,

I remain, your obedient servant,

AN INVESTIGATOR.

For THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

UNREST.

BY HENRY S. DE GROVE.

Beat on, thou great world-heart! beat on,
Though each pulsation, born in pain,
Only but fill [illegible] spirit's groan,
Or, fainting, grasps for future gain.

O, ill, that human heart must bear!
O, grief, that rolls its anthems deep!
O, joy, that fades to anxious care,
Or nestles in an infant's sleep!

Is there no rest, thou wondrous sea,
Thou panting on the breast of time?
Chanting unrest tumultuously,
'Till heaven and earth responsive chime.

The eye may weary of the light,
The ear, of music's softest tone;
But sleep will clasp its brother night,
And sound and sight alike are gone.

The tired eagle seeks his nest,
The beast lies down in shaded lair,
But human souls, life's cross once pressed,
'Tis toiling onward everywhere.

[For the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

THE JAPANESE BOOK SYSTEM.

There is but one publishing house, and that is under Governmental control. The mode of selecting authors need not be detailed, as book-*making* is the unique point.

It is conducted upon scientific principles analogous to the principles of chemistry. It is well known that chemical atoms combine in fixed proportions, forming compounds of peculiar character; and that the same atoms being differently combined form compounds of a character totally different. So with elementary principles in the formation of books.

Suppose the subject of a book to be The *History of Modern Philosophy*, a literary *salt* composed, so to speak, of the three principles, *History*, *Modern*, and *Philosophy*. The number of characters in the title indicates the elements in the composition, as does our chemical nomenclature that of chemical combinations. From these three elements are formed four books, differing entirely in character as the components differ in arrangement. We have

1. The *History of Modern Philosophy*.
2. The *Philosophy of Modern History*.
3. The *Modern History of Philosophy*.
4. The *Modern Philosophy of History*.

The system has attained such perfection, that the types are set up but once for the four works, the position of the characters being ingeniously shifted to produce the desired results. The characters used in printing the first work being in some degree reversed, the second is printed from them; and by certain interchanges forming difficult combinations, the third and fourth are produced. In the hands of these skilful artizans the metamorphosis is quickly made. When the work contains many elements, the number of combinations, and hence the number of works, is enormous. It is true many of them seem nonsensical; but so firm is the faith of the people in the unerring certainty of the principle, that they reject none. The incomprehensible they regard as prophetic, and hence sacred, and not to be understood until the events unfold. It is well known in our own experience that many salts are apparently useless, but doubtless the future will disclose their value. So if any work should contradict their preconceived opinions, they never contend, but submit as to an oracle. Just as some persons beginning the study of chemistry with the preconceived opinion that salt means something that must necessarily have the taste of what they have been accustomed to see upon the table, soon learn to call compounds salts that possess no similarity to table-salt in flavor. This docility on the part of our people, and their devotion to scientific principles, leads to the inference that the system might be readily introduced here.

The beauty of the system culminates upon the decease of the presiding *sensei*. All the forms used during his presidency are preserved and arranged in a certain order, and should he live long enough a certain cycle of science would be completed. More frequently, however, he is cut off early to make way for some aspiring disciple. After his decease, a grand combination is made of all the forms to produce a "Cyclopædia," or one of general parables, but all the schoolmen, critics, *sensei*, *literati*, *illuminati*, *apices*, etc., are invited to take part in a mere pittance, only the most [illegible] characters, not books, are reproduced. It is said that instead of being a great saving that should preserve the intelligence of the world from deficiency of elements and shift in [illegible], he but a crude, corrupt, and corrupting

For the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

THE CASTLE OF AIR.

BY JOHN N. CROMWELL.

[illegible] a Fleet, with [illegible] entold,
[illegible] kingdom congratingly fair;
[illegible] gave bright coffers of silver and gold—
[illegible] Queen of the Castle of Air.

[illegible] palace is roofed with the rainbow's hue,
[illegible] And gemmed with the rainbow's light;
[illegible] hath fade for a time in the fathomless blue,
I can build me another as bright.

[illegible] steeds that are fleeter, and more to my mind,
[illegible] Than your horses of mettle and worth;
[illegible] the North to the South, outstripping the wind,
[illegible] being are the tenancies of earth.

[illegible] so are bright, and like you are red,
[illegible] [illegible] the earth's dusky;
[illegible] the Autumn hath come, your roses have fled,
And the Past returns to his lyre.

[illegible] gather'd your sweets, with a shout and a laugh;
[illegible] For all that is precious and fair
[illegible] temples I bring to illumine my path,
To shine in my Castle of Air.

[illegible] thou art noble. O life! thou art strong
[illegible] In the hearts of the young and the brave;
[illegible] a skeleton stands, 'mid the dazzle and throng,
And pa[illegible]s on the treacherous wave.

[illegible] have hoarded your tears, with a smile and a jest,
From the deeps of your dark despair
[illegible] have woven a garment, the brightest and best,
That hangs in my Castle of Air.

THE VAGRICURS OF THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

[illegible] of the metropolis must always have a topic. Sometimes it is the last prima donna and her managerial quarrels; sometimes it is the freshest murder, though they are rather too common; sometimes the Broadway Railroad; always the awful tax [illegible] frequently the dirty streets. As a general thing, however, we are singularly indifferent to the matters that concern us most. We talk about them for a day or two, and then something new comes up, and we plunge into that with the ardor of a schoolboy breaking his last pocket-money. But the last topic—to wit: is the ridiculous exhibition of the doctors at the Academy of Medicine, in their famous probang controversy. The [illegible] was a very simple one, and presented no novel points; and yet the consolidated and condensed medical and surgical wisdom of the country was brought to bear upon it for no result whatever. "*Nihil fit*" should be [illegible] over the portals of that Academy.

The glorious result was not reached without considerable difficulty. The mountain labored awfully [illegible] and moans before parturition, and the gentle public watched with straining eyes and parted lips for the [illegible] sending of the savants' labors. Did the man die from the improper use of caustics?—or, if not, what [illegible] did of? That is the question which everybody, from the Fifth avenue down to the Five Points, is waiting to hear answered. Flora McFlimsey has taken [illegible] ground with Bridget O'Flannagan. The throat of the fashionable belle, although encircled by satin, or nestling in Valenciennes, is not more safe from the sponge-armed probang and the awful caustic, than the trachea of the laundress. Disagreeable as it may seem, the legs, arms, brain, larynx, and physical conformation generally are precisely the same with Flora as they are with Bridget. So also with the sterner sex, who are oftener more afraid of a doctor than the ladies. So it will be seen that everybody this side of Greenwood was more or less interested in the probang war, and this interest has been heightened to a pitch of intense excitement by the absurd proceedings in the Academy. The topic has swallowed nearly all the minor questions of the day, and the gossips have not had such a grand festival since Barnum brought over Jenny Lind.

It is indeed a curious case. Here we find the Academy of Medicine, the Pierian spring from which flows all the medical lore of the country, positively drained dry by the simplest case in the world. All at once it is found that these great doctors, whose names are never quoted without a certain degree of awe, absolutely know nothing. Dr. Beales has achieved a miracle greater than Barnum or any other showman in the world. Van Amburgh trained tigers and lions till they were as docile as dogs. Barnum made a nondescript out of the parts of several animals, and called it a woolly horse; he manufactured a mermaid of the most approved pattern; he tamed the Swedish Nightingale, and carried her about in his pocket; and in the Happy Family he proved to a demonstration that all animals, except men and women, may live together without quarrelling. These were fine things, and made Barnum's reputation, such as it is; but he never could have equalled Beales. Through the efforts of that practitioner, the gravest professors of the weightiest scientific body in America have been shorn, in one debate, of every vestige of public respect and confidence. A surgeon whose name is honored at home and abroad, an anatomist who is compared to Hunter, and an operator with a museum full of trophies of brilliant success—this man comes to the Academy and compromises his reputation of fifty years' standing by giving upon one occasion a direct contradiction of his words upon another. Of course, the others are equally absurd, or more so. At one moment the Fellows were earnest, grave, respectable, and scientifically mysterious pundits. Doctor Beales comes in with a Pandora's box in the shape of the memoranda in the Whitney case, and lo! the Happy Family is snarling, quarrelling, fighting, and biting, just like ordinary men or members of Congress. All the punctilio, the gravity, the dignity, the pomp, the dignity, the owl-like stare, the Buckingham shake of the empty head, the awful contemplation of the gold-headed cane, always pointing to the cemetery—all these, the stock in trade of the Doctor Buncombes of all days since Hippocrates, were swept away in a moment. The old school doctors were glad to have an opportunity to show up the men of science whose office-practice cuts into the regular business, and in so doing, if they proved that the new school knew nothing, it was likewise made apparent that the Buncombes of antiquity were equally in the dark. Dr. Beales did all this. Let us glorify him. He is greater than Dr. Barnum, or Doctor Buncombe himself.

Such a miracle as has been wrought in the Academy has astounded the public not a little. Everybody is keeping a sharp lookout for their organs, and shuddering at the sight of the doctor's chaise. The only persons that are really delighted at the discomfiture of the humbugs and the buncombes are the irregular guerilla practitioners, who are called by the Academy *secundi generis*; although many of them have received what is called a professional education. Of course these guerilla doctors, whose attacks upon the regulars are frequent and bitter, are perfectly delighted with the grand row that has surprised the enemy's camp, and loft it at the mercy of the foe. Some of the pill men have gotten up a little private quarrel on the merits of the case, which you may survey on through the advertising columns of the leading papers. One favors the probang, the other is against it—both, of course, believing firmly with their own pills, and keeping the public on earnest to their merits. The quacks, as the regulars call them, have not half such an opening for quackery as they have had under the monopoly; but here is a whole Academy, headed by the greatest medical luminaries, all acknowledging that their science and their prestige are a humbug, and a sham. No wonder the quacks rub their hands with glee. But what is to become of Flora and Bridget, and all of us, from Murray Hill to the Swamp, without any confidence in our doctors? It is too awful to think of; but there is one consolation, after all. With the humbug out of the way, it is barely possible that the profession may improve.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DEATH, CHEMICALLY CONSIDERED.

M. Biot, a French author, in speaking of a school of philosophers whose views of immortality are scientific, but peculiar, says:—

"You do not die, you only change your state of aggregation. It is true your nitrogen, your hydrogen, and your carbonate separate; they are distributed through the atmosphere, penetrate plants and animals, or are absorbed by the earth; but as no atom perishes, you continue to exist; the only difference is, *that you find yourself reduced to a more simple expression.*"

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

We copy the following particulars respecting the total eclipse of the moon, which is to take place on the 16th (17th) instant, from the *American Almanac*:—

Moon enters the Shadow, February 16th,		11h. 49.1m.	Mean Time at Washington.	
Middle of the Eclipse,	"	" 17h. 38.6m.		
Moon leaves the Shadow,	"	" 19h. 20.9m.		
	Eclipse begins.		Eclipse ends.	
	h. m.		h. m.	
Halifax, N. S.,	February 17,	4 43.9 M.	8 14.7 M.	
Quebec, C. E.,	"	4 21.2	7 44.0	
Montreal, C. E.,	"	4 5.0	7 34.0	
Toronto, C. W.,	"	3 39.9	7 11.7	
Portland, Me.,	"	4 18.5	7 48.1	
Boston, Mass.,	"	4 13.1	7 44.9	
New York, N. Y.,	"	4 1.3	7 33.1	
Philadelphia, Pa.,	"	3 54.6	7 26.4	
Baltimore, Md.,	"	3 50.9	7 22.7	
Washington, D. C.,	"	3 49.1	7 20.9	
Charleston, S. C.	"	3 37.0	7 9.4	
Savannah, Ga.,	"	3 32.5	7 4.8	
New Orleans, La.,	"	3 57.3	6 30.1	
Cincinnati, Ohio,	"	3 19.5	6 51.3	
St. Louis, Mo.,	"	2 56.3	6 28.1	
San Francisco, Cal.,	"	0 47.5	4 19.3	
Portland, Oregon,	"	0 47.5	4 19.3	

RUSKIN ON TURNER.

Mr. Ruskin, our readers are aware, superintended the arrangement for public exhibition of the immense collection of Turner drawings bequeathed to England by this artist. He executed his task well, and at great personal sacrifice of time, if not money, through love for art, the artist, and the public. As usual in that critical country, England, fault must be found, so one of "the press" questions the details of the arrangement in some minor particular, and to this Mr. Ruskin replies. We allude to the circumstance in order to quote, first, what Mr. Ruskin states in regard to the conditions of the durability of water-color drawings.

I believe that some colors are indeed liable to darken in perpetual shade, but not while occasionally exposed to moderate light, as these drawings will be in daily use; nor is any liability to injury, even by perpetual shade, as yet demonstrable with respect to the Turner drawings; on the contrary, those which now form the great body of the national collection were never out of Turner's house until his death, and were all kept by him in tight bundles or in clasped books; and all the drawings so kept are in magnificent preservation, appearing as if they had been just executed, while every one of those which have been in the possession of purchasers and exposed in frames, are now faded in proportion to the time and degree of their exposure; the lighter hues disappearing, especially from the skies, so as sometimes to leave hardly a trace of the cloud forms. For instance, the great Yorkshire series is, generally speaking, merely the wreck of what it was once. That water-colors are not injured by darkness is also sufficiently proved by the exquisite preservation of miniature paintings, when the books containing them have been little used.

And secondly, to show Mr. Ruskin's peculiar defence of one of his "hyperbolical" statements.

I have asserted that, in a given drawing (named as one of the chief in the series), Turner's pencil did not move over the thousandth of an inch without meaning; and you charge this expression with extravagant hyperbole. On the contrary, it is much within the truth, being merely a mathematically accurate description of fairly good execution in either drawing or engraving. It is only necessary to measure a piece of any ordinarily good work to ascertain this. Take, for instance, Finden's engraving at the 180th page of Roger's poems, in which the face of the figure, from the chin to the top of the brow, occupies just a quarter of an inch, and the space between the upper lip and chin, as nearly as possible, one-seventeenth of an inch. The whole mouth occupies one-third of this space, say one-fiftieth of an inch, and within that space both the lips and the much more difficult inner corner of the mouth, are perfectly drawn and rounded, with quite successful and sufficiently subtle expression. Any artist will assure you, that in order to draw a mouth as well as this, there must be more than twenty gradations of shade in the touches; that is to say, in this case, gradations changing, with meaning, within less than the thousandth of an inch.

But this is mere child's play compared to the refinement of any first-rate mechanical work—much more of brush or pencil drawing by a master's hand. In order at once to furnish you with authoritative evidence on this point, I wrote to Mr. Kingsley, tutor of Sidney-Sussex College, a friend to whom I always have recourse when I want to be precisely right in any matter—for his great knowledge both of mathematics and of natural science is joined, not only with singular powers of delicate experimental manipulation, but with a keen sensitiveness to beauty in art. His answer, in its final statement respecting Turner's work, is amazing even to me, and will, I should think, be more so to your readers. Observe the successions of measured and tested refinement. Here is No. 1:—

The finest mechanical work that I know which is not optical is that done by Hobert in the way of ruling lines. I have a series ruled by him at Cambridge, giving actual centres from .000025 and .000050 of an inch, perfectly correct to those pieces of decimals, and he has executed others as fine as .000012, though I do not know how far he could repeat these but with accuracy.

This is No. 1, of precision. Mr. Kingsley proceeds to No. 2:—

But this is rude work compared to the accuracy necessary for the construction of the object-glass of a microscope such as Rossc turns out.

I am sorry to omit the explanation which follows of the ten lenses composing such a glass, "each of which must be exact in radius and in surface, and all have their axes coincident; but it would not be intelligible without the figure by which it is illustrated, so I pass to Mr. Kingsley's No. 3:—

I am tolerably familiar (by proxy) with the actual grinding and polishing of lenses and specula, and have produced by my own hands dozens by no means bad optical work, and I have copied no small amount of Turner's work, and I still look with awe at the combined delicacy and precision of his hand; if hostile critics find out of sight. In optical work, as in refined drawing, the hand goes beyond the eye, and one has to depend upon the feel; and when one has once learned what a delicate affair touch is, one gets a horror of all coarse work, and is ready to forgive any amount of feebleness, except those feebleness which is akin to impudence. In optics, the distinction is easily seen when the work is put to trial; but here, too, as in drawing, it requires an educated eye to tell the difference when the work is only moderately bad; but with "bold" work nothing can be seen but distinct and fog, and I heartily wish the public would believe the same kind of handling in drawing; but here, the boldness should be understood by looking like the production of the true man. It is very strange how much better our ears are than our eyes in this country: if an ignorant man were to be "bold" with a violin, he would not get many admirers, though his boldness was far better than of ninety-nine out of a hundred drawings one sees.

The words which I have italicised in the above extract are those which were surprising to me. I knew that Turner's was as refined as any optical work, but had no idea of its going beyond it. Mr. Kingsley's word "awe" occurring just before, is, however, as I have often felt, precisely the right one. When once we begin at all to understand the work of any truly great executor, such as that of any of the three great Venetians (Tintoret, Titian, and Veronese), Correggio, or Turner, the awe of it is something greater than can be felt from the most stupendous material economy. For the creation of such a system as a high human intelligence endowed with its faultlessly perfect instruments of eye and hand, is a far more appalling manifestation of Infinite Power, than the making either of suns or mountains.—*The Crayon.*

*The cloud-forms which have disappeared from the drawings may be seen in the engravings.

DAMNED.

BY E. L. FLASH.

You told me love is sweet,
But you lie;
There is a pang
Hid beneath his downy wing,
And his feet
Trample down the human heart,
Till the burning blood-drops start,
And you die.

I will tell you—she was fair,
Very fair;
Her eyes were soft and meek,
Yet prodigal of light;
And her hair
Hung in wavy masses low,
On a brow as pure as snow;
And her cheek,
Soft and white,
Had been tinged with rosy light,
By the spirit of a sunset
That had died for love of night.
I had worshipped—I was weak—
I lost my self-control—
I clasped her jewelled hand—
And—but you cannot understand
How the waves of feeling roll
Till they overwhelm the whole;
How our passions are the daggers
Stabbing reckless at the soul.

She is dead—so am I.
I cannot find her here.
There's no light, nor air, nor sky,
Only fear.
Time just ground—'Tis forever.
We will never meet again.
All my dark, despairing pain
Will leave me never, never.
And she, who cursed me with deceit,
Even while I kissed her feet,
Lo!—can you tell me where?
She is in some other sphere,
And it may be she can hear
Thrilling wildly on her ear,
My despair.

She will shudder in the dark—
She will crave but for a spark
To light her suffering soul on the darksome track to me.
But she cannot find me here—
She must keep within her sphere,
And shudder on forever in her dark eternity.

AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

The chief feature of the last meeting of this Society was the following interesting

REPORT.

The Committee appointed by the President of the American Numismatic Society, to report upon the antiquity and probable use of a certain cup left with the Society for examination, have the honor to present the following:—

The aforesaid cup, measuring in height ten and a half inches, and in its greatest circumference four and a half inches, is composed of solid silver, gilt, and is stated to be worth, by weight, ninety dollars, exclusive of its extrinsic value as a curiosity. Inserted in the sides of the cup in such a manner as to exhibit both reverse and obverse, the reverse being gilt, are twenty-one silver coins, each of about the size and numerical value of the American dollar. In the bottom of the cup, inserted in the same manner, are three silver coins of the same nature, while in the cover are inserted seven; making in all thirty-one coins. These coins are all Imperial, Archdukal, Ducal, and Archiepiscopal pieces of Germany, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, etc.; also comprising one Spanish piece of Carlos II., 1668, and one of Louis XIV., 1673, being the most modern. The dates varying from 1544 to 1673.

Surmounting the cover, and passing through one of the coins, is inserted a round ball or knob, around which are two bands of silver bearing this inscription: "Illa tuetur Imperium Romanum," roughly engraved. At the base of this ball, on the surface of the cover, and surmounting each one of the six coins therein inserted, are the following words: Zelosus—Religiosus—Magnanimus—Pius—Victoriosus—Pacificus. Whether these words have reference to the personages represented upon the coins immediately under them, or not, the committee are unable to decide.

Concerning the intended purpose of the cup, various suggestions have been made to the committee. By some it is considered to have been a votive offering, probably belonging to one of the continental churches. By others, to have been a gift of some loyal State or city to its sovereign during a royal progress, many such having been seen in Europe. The most probable explanation seems, however, to the committee to be this, that the cup is of German manufacture and was intended to be used, not as a drinking cup as some would suppose—its inconvenient shape precluding this intention—but as a wine heater, or muller, to be set before the fire. It is thus probably of private construction, and has been put only to private uses, the coins inserted being probably the whim of some later possessor, who having both coins and cup, has thought that in "union is strength," and that the best way to preserve both was to unite them. From the dates of the coins, the cup cannot in its present form boast of more than a century and a half of age, although it may have been manufactured originally at a much earlier date. The coins being all of nearly the same period, and having no special rarity or numismatic value, the committee have not considered it necessary to enumerate them.

(Signed,)

FRANK. H. NORTON, *Chairman*,
WM. S. FRED'K MAYERS,
AUGUSTUS B. SAGE,
} *Committee.*

— A recent number of the Boston *Evening Transcript* contains the following charming little poem, contributed to that journal by Whittier:—

> You ask a merrier strain of me,—
> The shepherd pipe of Arcady,
> The vintage hymn, the hunter's horn,
> The reaper's carol from the corn!
>
> Ah! small the choice of him who sings
> What sound shall thrill the smitten strings;
> Fate holds and guides the hand of Art,
> And lips must answer to the heart.
>
> In shadow now, and now in sun,
> As runs the life the song must run
> But, glad or sad, to God's good end
> Doubt not the varying streams shall tend.

— The Legislature of Massachusetts has three petitions before it, praying for aid to educational institutions: Tufts College asks for $50,000, and Wilbraham Academy for $25,000; while $25,000 are asked toward the erection of fire proof buildings for Agassiz's Cabinet, at Cambridge.

— The London *Athenæum* condescends to speak of Dr. Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, thus:—

"Under the guise of a talkative gentleman at an American boarding-house, the author of this volume rattles off a considerable amount of prose and verse, philosophy, criticism, æsthetics, morals, maxims, and fun, to his fellow-boarders, who only occasionally break in upon the loquacity of the lecturer with a remark, an objection, or a clinching expletive. It is, of course, difficult to describe a book that defies description; but we may say of this before us, that it touches on multitudes of subjects, is rich in humor, and, if sometimes a little didactic in its tone, makes amends for the small defect by ample measures of wit and wisdom. If there be occasionally something too much of the sermon style, the latter is not without its merits; and for an ounce of sermonising there is a hundredweight of satire playfully scattered on men and things generally, from the Universe down to *Notes and Queries*, against which the Breakfast Autocrat seems to entertain some ancient grudge."

— M. Le Verrier has made an official protest against the Paris "Bureau des Longitudes," for having, as he considers, wrongly numbered the smaller planets, starting from the 47th. The Bureau describe Aglaé as the 48th planet, Doris as the 49th, etc.; whereas, according to M. Le Verrier, the already existing order should not be disturbed—Aglaé being the 47th, Doris 48th, and so on to the 56th planet, discovered by M. Goldschmidt, on the 9th of September, 1857. The "Bureau des Longitudes" consider that this planet was mistaken for Daphné, which they number as the 47th in their list.

Original Poetry.

IN SIGHT OF THE HAREM.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

My boat lies and rocks on the water,
I lean on the dripping oar;
But my thoughts are adrift in the darkness,
And my spirit can rest no more.

Far out on the swell of the surges
The lamps of the harem shine,
So bright that I see every lattice,
But know not which lattice is thine.

Nor know'st thou, nor dream'st, I am near thee,
So near, thy white hand I can see;
Wave it, sweet, and I soon will release thee,
Or die at thy feet, and for thee!

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1859.

OUR POLITICS.

We have received several letters lately,—among others a very stupid one, this week, signed "Black Republican," but evidently written by a Republican Black,—asking us about the politics of THE SATURDAY PRESS. Let us dispose of the matter with a few strokes of the pen.

THE SATURDAY PRESS has no politics. It looks upon politicians, of whatever breed or half-breed, shell or half-shell, as an uninteresting species of maniac. We have no ambition to govern anybody, nor to see anybody governed. And if we had, we should probably be disappointed.

All existing forms of government we look upon as mischievous organizations, requiring altogether too much time and trouble for the people to keep in order. Republics not excepted. The divine right of the Majority to govern is as absurd, in our sight, as the divine right of Kings to govern, or of Popes. More so. There has never yet been a man in the world who could govern himself; much less one that could govern his neighbor.

We have no wish, however, to see what are called governments abolished. At least, not at present. For in that case the governors—who are a class of people wholly incompetent to take care of themselves,—would have to be supported by some more direct mode of charity, which would be humiliating to *them*, without being any less burdensome to the *people*, who are bound to take care of them at any rate, and may as well do it in one way as another.

Moreover, there is a class of men who find government an interesting subject to talk about, and to fight about, and who, without something of the kind, would inevitably become idiots in the flower of their youth. We would no more deprive such persons of their favorite hobby, than we would deprive a fireman of his "machine," an old maid of her lap-dog, or our dramatic critic of his Anna Maria: for though we may be heretical, we are not cruel.

Therefore, let it be understood, once for all, that though we have no politics, and have no desire for any,—would, in fact, as soon have the measles as have them in any form,—nevertheless, we make no objection to other people having them; and if they will but stop boring us with letters on the subject, we will promise to remain silent about it—and them—for the rest of our days.

— We learn, on good authority, that PRESCOTT's HISTORY OF PHILLIP II. is to be continued by the accomplished secretary of the late historian,—Mr. JOHN FOSTER KIRK,—who has all the materials at command, and whose eminent qualifications for the work (with which his name is already indissolubly connected) no one was more prompt to recognise than Mr. Prescott himself,—who, in the preface to the first volume of his great work, alludes to Mr. Kirk in the following terms:—

In the earlier part of this preface I have made the acknowledgments due for assistance I have received in the collection of my materials; and I must not now conclude without recording my obligations of another kind to two of my personal friends—Mr. Charles Folsom, the learned librarian of the Boston Athenæum, who has repeated the good offices he had before rendered me in revising my manuscript for the press, and Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose familiarity with the history and languages of modern Europe has greatly aided me in the prosecution of my researches, while his sagacious criticism has done me no less service in the preparation of these volumes.

— The London correspondent of the *Home Journal* states that the trial brought by Edmund Yates against the Garrick Club for illegally expelling him, as an act of servile flunkyism to Thackeray, comes on the beginning of next month. In legal circles there is no doubt of Yates's success. The trial will be before Lord Campbell, and Edwin James, the Queen's Counsel, will represent Yates. It is said he intends to put Thackeray into the witness box; and, if so, the charming Titmarsh may expect a ferocious mauling.

— Mr. Thackeray was, at last accounts, in Paris, at work on his "VIRGINIANS." The rumor that this interesting work—in some respects the best that Mr. Thackeray has written—has been a failure in England, is without the slightest foundation.

— The forthcoming number of the London *Illustrated News* (January 29) will contain, among other engravings illustrative of Burns's work, the following:—Burns in the Plough-field, composing his Poem "To the Mountain Daisy;" The Ride of Tam o' Shanter; The Twa Dogs; Auld Maggie; Auld Lang Syne; The Cotter's Saturday Night (two Engravings); John Anderson my Jo; Alloway Kirk; The Brigs of Ayr; The Brig of Doon; Burns' Cottage; The Room in which he was born; The Tam o'Shanter Tavern; Burns' Monument.

— A circular, signed by Messrs. Thomas G. Cary, George Livermore, and Henry G. Denny, has been addressed to the various graduates of Harvard College, calling their attention to the state of the library, and asking for it the assistance which is required, in order to improve and increase its means of usefulness in a degree corresponding to the wants of the college and of the community. Several thousand dollars have already been contributed by graduates and others, to aid in accomplishing the object.

— It is understood that Mr. Dickens is preparing for the press a new volume of Tales, and, also, that he is about to change his publisher again. It is well known that he withdrew from Chapman & Hall because they declined to make him the small advance of two or three thousand dollars; his motive for leaving his present publishers is explained in the following extract from the London correspondence of *The Home Journal*:—

The great literary event of the day is the quarrel between Mr. Charles Dickens and his publishers, Messrs. Bradbury & Evans. The latter, who are also the proprietors of *Punch*, refused to publish in that periodical the "personal statement" made by Mr. Dickens about his separation from his wife, which you will recollect, and showed themselves in other ways inimical to him. Mr. Dickens has consequently determined to break off all connection with them, to remove his existing works out of their hands, not to let them have anything to do with his new books, and to annul the partnership existing between him and them in *Household Words*. This will be an unspeakable loss to Bradbury & Evans, for Dickens was their trump card.

— A series of festivities have recently taken place in the villages of Edwalton, Colwick, Annesley, etc. (Notts, Eng.), to celebrate the coming of age of Mr. John Chaworth Masters, the grandson of Lord Byron's "Mary."

— The first number of *Bentley's Quarterly Review* is looked forward to with much interest. It will be published on the first of March next.

— Tom Hughes, of London, is the author of "The Scourings of the White Horse," "Tom Brown's School Days," etc.

— The Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia have excluded the *Westminster Review* from its shelves, on account of its infidel character and tendencies;—an example of bigotry which should be held up to universal scorn.

Contents of Magazines.

The Edinburgh Review for January: Holy's Spanish Conquest in America; Life Assurance; The Church Rate Question; The Roman Catacombs; The Hudson's Bay Territory; Lord Liverpool's Administration till 1822; Library of the British Museum; *Life* and Organization; History and Prospects of Parliamentary Reform.

The British Quarterly Review for January: Physical and Moral Heritage; Dalmatia; Religious Systems—Ancient and Modern; Bolingbroke; Serf-Emancipation in Russia; Masson's Life of Milton; France and England; Carlyle's Frederick the Second; Our Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

The (English) Journal of the Institute of Actuaries, and Assurance Magazine, for January: Professor De Morgan—On the Determination of the Rate of Interest of an Annuity; Mr. Hodge—On the Rates of Interest for the Use of Money in Ancient and Modern Times (part 3); The Editor—On the Principles which should regulate the Reassurance of Risks; The Editor—On the Proposed Legislation for the Regulation of Insurance Companies; Correspondence; Institute of Actuaries.

The London Review for January: Early Christian Monachism; Scotch University Reform; Memoirs of St. Simon; Comparative Literary Rank of Nations; The Ministry of *Life*; Arithmetic, Ancient and Modern; Literary Scepticism—Thorndale, by W. Smith; Illustrated Books; Christianity in Ethics; Fiji; Brief Literary Notices.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Brutal Outrage on three Angels.

I have just risen from a bed of pain, to which I was consigned by THE SATURDAY PRESS, impression of February fifth. Sir, I know that my caligraphy is not what one would call magnificent. Perhaps, to put it more plainly, I write an immoderately bad hand. But why agonise my feelings by obliging me to innocently animadvert upon three ladies who, I have no doubt, are as distinguished for their social virtues, &c., &c., &c., as for their magnificent artistic qualities, *etc., etc., etc.* True, I am nobody; but isn't there something about its being as unpleasant for a worm to die as for Mr. Thomas Hyer to shuffle off this mortal coil?

But *place aux dames!* Let us attend to the outraged females. Oblige me by giving them each a separate paragraph. *Voila!*

La Signorina MARIA PICCOLOMINI, Princess (*of the ewilines*).

Miss AGNES ROBERTSON, Fairy Star, Jessie Brown, Guardian Angel of Fifteenth Street.

Miss JULIA DALY, Regenerator of Burton's, *Première Financière*, and Yankee "Gal!"

Now, sir, in the first place your printers made me say that Piccolomini would be a good *Norma*. By the lips of Venus and the body of Bacchus, but that was a blunder. Piccolomini for *Norma!* Just think of her singing songs to the Moon, in a white *robe de nuit* and a crown of salad *au naturel*. Why she would rather be discussing her *petit souper* and trilling *Libbiamo* over a beaker of Chateau Margaux. She would drop *Pollio* at once, and get up a new flirtation with the next best man in the Roman forces, cut *Adalgisa*, but finally restore her to the injured bosom in a letter of four pages, and very likely slap *Oroveso* on the back, calling him a "brick." Her answer to "Hear me, Norma," would be a pout, and a smile, and a kiss. Norma! Gracious goodness! The next thing we hear we shall have *Jefferson* in *Macbeth*, and Burton in *Hamlet*. I said N-o-r-m-a! *Norma* in *Don Pasquale*, which is not Norma by a number of shakes impossible to enumerate.

The next count is still more terrible, for there are two injured innocents to be appeased. The inexorable types made Anna Maria say in relation to Miss Robertson, "the lady is too big to be crushed." Now, sir, Anna Maria made the remark in relation to a lady who is gotten up on rather a more extended scale than Miss Robertson. The latter lady she (A. M.) declares is a perfect little *bijou*, with the prettiest aristocratic head, the most charming facial expression, the most exquisite hand and foot in the world. And now, asks Anna Maria, triumphantly, what more do you want than that? And I say humbly, nothing, really.

And finally, I intended to say that Miss Julia Daly seemed, although endeavoring to be *gauche*, better "bred" than the weak imitations of Albion's aristocrats that surrounded her: you made me say she was better "fed." *Now*, Art requires the sustenance of bread and butter. So does Literature. So do the Ladies. I, standing on a lofty critical eminence, have sometimes to descend to chops. Anna Maria is rather severe upon boned turkey, and has been known to get through half a chicken for lunch. Miss Daly, doubtless, eats. But I do not like to be called of chops, choppy; Anna Maria, by her own account, is as delicate as my canary. Brown and I do not suppose that Miss Daly, whose figure is good, will like to be spoken of as the *Tribune* alludes to fat oxen or prize hogs. I beg to make make my lowest salaam *(à la Ferrero*, six lessons) to Miss Daly. Metaphorically, I bite the dust. Practically, just now, that means of abasement is out of the question.

Filibustering.

During the past month, three new farces have been presented at Laura Keene's Theatre. According to the bills, one has been written by Mr. Charles Selby, and the others by Mr. Maddison Morton, both loyal subjects of Albion's blessed Queen. Each of these plays has been borrowed (that is, literally translated) from the French, and if we are not mistaken, they have all been given here in the original. Here are the French and English titles:—

Edgar et sa Bonne. [Aunt Charlotte's Maid.]
La Sœur de Jocrisse. [The Bonnie Fish-Wife.]
La Fille Terrible. [The Little Savage.]

The last work was produced on Monday. The incidents are not strikingly original. There is the usual red faced old man (Burnett), the usual stupid servant (Varrey), the usual old woman, who makes the most tremendous efforts to look young, and stops half way (Miss Wells), two lovers, one *enfant* (Peters), one clever in a shooting jacket, astonishing thing it is, too (Levick). The terrible daughter is to marry the *enfant*, but of course by putting on a pinafore, eating an apple, and skipping a rope (all novel and charming effects), she disgusts the fat lover and takes the shooting jacket to her arms. Mr. Levick and Mr. Peters played very well indeed. Mr. Burnett seemed in rather a wild state about the words, and Miss Wells did nothing at all moderately well. Miss Hovey, who is, to speak within bounds, over fifteen, had contrived to dress herself so as to seem on the verge of forty. She sings well, but her acting is a little grappé for soubrettes—a trifle Arctic, if you like that better.

But Miss Keene's theatre is not the only home of the filibusters, and although "Our American Cousin" is a German play clumsily yankeefied by a Cockney, and made successful by a Marylander, yet what shall be said of Mr. Lester's "Veteran," the comedy-writing of which has been so much praised, and which is merely translated from a French play, *Père et Fils*, and the remainder a hash from one of Grant's Military Novels, Lover's "Happy Man," and Colnet's "French Spy."

Filibuster as much as you please, ladies and gentlemen. Success is nothing but success. But full houses will not buy literary reputation for borrowed plumes. As Mr. Sparkler would say, we can't have any "bigoted nonsense" about rendering unto Cæsar the old clothes and things that belong to him.

When our French friends open their theatre (and it is almost ready) they will be justified in stealing the *repertoire* of Mr. Charles Gayler, Mr. C. T. P. Ware, Mr. Henry Medford, and all the Cobb novels dramatised for the Bowery—but they want do it!

The Two Cousins, and The Veteran.

In the race for the dollars, *The Veteran*, at Wallack's, has rather the best of *Our American Cousin*, at Laura Keene's. The Female, at Burton's, is doing moderately well, quite as well as could be expected. She is a little bolder, and a trifle better, than at first. At Laura Keene's they culminated on the Cousin with the hundredth performance, on last Saturday. Lodger style of advertisements, "grand display of fireworks" (why fireworks "many, tropically"), and "every lady, every lady, presented, presented, presented, etc., etc., etc., through a column, with a cut of Miss ——'s American Cousin Polka," which is presented to ladies as all the polkas, from the Berlioux down, may not nearer than cousins—they are brothers. And there was a crowded house, and all the ladies [illegible] with white rolls of paper, for all the world like the batons used by the marshals in Sunday School parades. The underlining of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has appeared in the bills.

Beauty in the Bowery.

The Sisters Western appeared at the Bowery Theatre on Monday in a new piece, something about the Forty Thieves. It was an utterly incomprehensible affair, but is not The Veteran occult? And shall you have perspicuity for a quarter of a dollar, when it is denied to you for double the amount. Here, however, the comparison falls. The Veteran is sometimes funny, and the portion that is intended to be serious is remarkably amusing. But the Thieves at the Bowery are very fist rascals; so utterly inane that even this audience, which is very easily amused, and which adores the pretty young women in those wonderful Greek (?) dresses, the brief unmentionables of which always remind me of my trousers when I rolled them up the better to pursue the festive clam to his lurking place—this audience, I say, palpably hissed when the curtain fell. The *filles* Western are, however, *folle*, and jolly as well. Perhaps a little broad in their style—the effect of acting to provincial barbarians, who cannot take a joke unless it is hammered into their heads—but neither vulgar nor awkward. They speak well and sensibly, pronouncing plainly, and have the art of moving upon and about the stage so as to fill it with their individuality, without seeming intrusive. The other actors were wretched—with the exception of Miss Hathaway, who has a funny way about her—but the Westerns managed to keep the piece going, and were not discomfited when a great pasteboard elephant fell over on the other young lady thieves, and gained the only genuine laughter in the play. I laughed, and so you can imagine how indicrous it must have been. The young women I have alluded to, have marked talent and great stage tact. They belong to the theatre as much as the curtain or any part of its machinery. Had they the advantage of a school like that of Paris, they would be first-rate *soubrettes*, and that is saying a great deal, for we have no such thing in this country—Miss Robertson's style being too delicate—and there are very, very few in England.

Things that Everybody Knows.

It has been considered advisable to separate M'lle Piccolomini and Mr. Formes. The temper of the former is sweet, of course, but the eyes of the bass are precious. The gilded saloons of the aristocracy have again been illumined with the effulgence of the prima donna's admirer. Broadway will resume its tone, now. Mashallah!

The City Editor of the *Tribune* is not going to marry Miss Ada Clifton, so he says. Considering that that clever actress and rather pretty woman is already "jined" in wedlock, Mr. Ottarson's card was scarcely necessary.

The New Orleans *Delta* has a criticism on *La Diamants de la Couronne*, in which Cordier, the sixteen year old *prima donna* sings *Catarina*. The critic talks about her "gliding through the intricacies of fioriture without ruffling her golden wings." He says, too, that she "would scorn indulgence." Oh, youth! youth! (Bulwer), what a treasure art thou! (Wainwright). If the young man of the *Delta* had a little more experience, he would know that a *prima donna* never "scorns" anything but the other *prima donna*.

Mr. George Jordan had a benefit at New Orleans lately. A special telegraphic dispatch (D. H.) informs us that his whiskers remain intact. Take heart of grace, therefore, Mesdames and Mademoiselles.

Mr. Hurlbut's play, "Americans in Paris," originally produced at Wallack's, has been presented at the Varieties, New Orleans, with Mr. George Jordan, Mr. Mark Smith, and Mr. A. H. Davenport, in the leading roles.

The Philadelphia Academy was crowded "almost to death" on Thursday evening, for the benefit of Piccolomini. Her farewell *soirés* and *matinés* here, are announced for Friday and Saturday of this week.

A prima donna from "perfidious Albion," of the name of Thomson (no p), lately carried off the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, and has since made a hit at the grand opera.

On the principle that what we call a Circus will smell as sweet by any other name, the day performances at Niblo's are called *Matinées*

The other day, *Porter's Spirit* said that the success of La Grange at Rio Janeiro must be a matter of doubt, as Stoltz had been engaged there. Whereupon the superfluous veteran of the *Dispatch* took up the *Spirit* "werry short," and said that Stoltz had retired long ago. *Now*, Stoltz is not one of the retiring kind if she has been engaged at Rio, and has paid forfeit to the director of the Carlo Felice at Geneva, where she was engaged for the Carnival. She was to sail for Rio on the 10th of this month; our authority is a letter from Paris to the London *Sunday Times*, Jan. 16th.

The Bostonians are just now amusing themselves with drawing-room theatricals, an amusement at once elegant, graceful, and refined. How far it has become popular in Boston, may be judged from the fact that Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport and Mrs. Barrow (three of the most prominent artists in America) offer to instruct ladies and gentlemen and prepare them for private performances of the order abovementioned.

Some of the composers are taking subjects rather retrospective. Felicien David has just done "Herculaneum," Verdi's "Jerusalem" has been brought out at New Orleans, and an enterprising individual has turned up in London with the score of an oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, were playing lately in the North of England.

Mollero's "Tartuffe," Anglicised by Oxenford, has been brought out at the Adelphi. The audience could not appreciate it. Why not try it at the Bowery?

The Dean of Carlisle calls "Latest from New York," a play in which Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are acting at Drury Lane, "an invention of the Devil." The Dean is in error; it is not clever enough.

There is a new four-act opera coming out, at Marseilles, with the unpronounceable title of "*Jugement de Dieu*," and a less pretending one-act novelty, "*La Perle de Perou*" (by whom, it is not stated), at one of the theatres of Rouen.

Mrs. C. N. Sinclair (Forrest) and Mr. Henry Sedley are playing at the Troy theatre. According to their announcements, "two hemispheres acknowledge their worth," which is, as Mr. Weller would say, "uncommon handsome" on the part of the two hemispheres.

Mr. C. Wentworth, an actor who left the stage for the pulpit, has returned to the footlights, in order, as he says, to provide for his mother and sisters. He, according to his own account, cannot afford to be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord; but must, forsooth, be a dweller in the tents of wickedness! What a shame!

I hope that none of the readers of THE SATURDAY PRESS will forget that, on this evening, Mr. Jefferson, the excellent artist of Laura Keene's theatre, will have his benefit. Moreover, that such of them as are theatrically inclined, will not fail to "enthuse" at the performance of "Our American Cousin" and "The Spectre Bridegroom," on that occasion.

PHILOMEL.

P. S. The letter of "*Four at a Table*" touches upon an interesting topic, which will be duly discussed at an early day.

I am informed, on the highest vocal authority, that there has been no difficulty between the Mendelssohn Union and the Liederkranz about Strepel's libretto. It is cheering to know this, as a general musical fact; but the point is, that between the two societies the composer cannot get singers, and will be obliged to look elsewhere. The symphony, Mendelssohn or no Mendelssohn, Liederkranz or no Liederkranz, will be given on the 21st of this month. P.

The Saturday Press Book List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

The List of "NEW BOOKS" and "BOOKS IN PRESS" which we publish, every week, at great cost of both time and money, is carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and is the most complete and reliable List of the kind which has ever been published either in this country or in Europe. It is not prepared in the interest or at the expense (directly or indirectly) of the Bookselling Trade, but exclusively at our own cost, and with the sole object of giving additional value to the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS.

N. B.—In order to avoid misapprehension, we take this opportunity of informing Booksellers and Publishers, throughout the country, that if we send them THE SATURDAY PRESS, whether regularly or occasionally, it is for the sole purpose of suggesting to them the obvious propriety of forwarding us advance copies of their Catalogues and Announcements. This explanation becomes necessary from the fact that, in two or three instances, it has been inferred that our object in sending the paper was to secure subscriptions and advertisements: we are, of course, very glad to receive favors of that kind, but when it becomes necessary for us to solicit them, we shall do so in express terms.

REMARKS.

1. Under the head of "BOOKS IN PRESS" are included not only books actually in the hands of the printer, but those announced as "in preparation."

2. Under the head of "AMERICAN" and "ENGLISH" are included reprints and translations.

3. The List being entirely new every week (except in case of certain standard or otherwise important works which we occasionally insert two or three times), it is important that those who depend upon it for their book-information should preserve the paper on file.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

POETICAL.

Rustic Rhymes. By the author of "Winter Studies in the Country." 18mo., pp. 113. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillian.

The Guardian Angel. A Poem in three Books. By James Scott, D.D., late Pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church, Newark, N. J. 12mo., pp. 191. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Sacred Lyre. A New Collection of Hymns and Tunes, for Social and Family Worship. By the Rev. J. Aldrich, A.M. pp. 220. Andrew F. Graves.

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, ETC.

The Swamp Doctor's Adventures in the Southwest, containing the whole of the Louisiana Swamp Doctor; Strokes of Squatter Life; and Far Western Scenes; in a Series of forty-two Humorous Southern and Western Sketches, descriptive of Incidents and Character. By "Madison Tensas," M.D., and "Solitaire" (John S. Robb, of St. Louis, Mo.), author of "Swallowing Oysters Alive," etc. With fourteen Illustrations, from Original Designs by Darley. 12mo., pp. 187. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Big Bear's Adventures and Travels. Containing the whole of the Big Bear of Arkansas and Stray Subjects, illustrative of Characters and Incidents in the South and Southwest, in a Series of sixty-eight Southern and Southwestern Sketches. Including the great stories of "Swallowing an Oyster Alive," "Jones's Fight," "The Kalamazoo Hunt," "Purchasing a live Lobster," "A Game at Seven Up," etc., etc. With eighteen Illustrations, from Original designs by Darley. 12mo., pp. 199. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

HISTORICAL.

Kansas in Eighteen Fifty-Eight; being chiefly a History of the Recent Troubles in the Territory. By William P. Tomlinson. 12mo., pp. 204. H. Dayton.

The Debates in the Several State Conventions, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, as recommended by the General Convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, together with the Journal of the Federal Convention, Luther Martin's Letter, Yates' Minutes, Congressional opinions, Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98-'99, and other Illustrations of the Constitution. In five vols. 8vo., pp. 508, 556, 663, 689, and 641. Second edition, with considerable additions. Collected and revised from cotemporary publications by Jonathan Elliott. Published under the sanction of Congress. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Washington: Taylor & Maury, 1859.

Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss Pardoe, author of "The Court and Reign of Francis I.," "Life of Marie de Medicis," "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century," etc. pp. 361. $1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

The Discipline of Sorrow: a Tale of the Old World and the New. By Mrs. Ettelinda Custard. 12mo., pp. 264. H. Dayton.

Major Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansaw. Containing the whole of the Quarter Race in Kentucky: and Bob Herring, the Arkansas Bear Hunter. As well as Cupping on the Sternum; Playing Poker in Arkansas; and other Sketches illustrative of Scenes, Incidents, and Characters, throughout "The Universal Yankee Nation." To which is added the Drama in Pokerville: a Night in a Swamp; and other Stories. By J. M. Field, Esq., of the St. Louis "Reveille." With sixteen Illustrations, from Original designs by Darley. 12mo. pp. 200. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Planter's Daughter. A Tale of Louisiana. 12mo. pp. 416. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Southwold: a Society Novel. By Mrs. Lillie Devereux Umsted. One volume 12mo., muslin. Price $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

The Pioneers; or, The Sources of the Susquehanna. A Descriptive Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. With two steel vignettes, and numerous sketches on wood, from original designs, by F. O. C. Darley, prepared expressly for this edition. One crown octavo volume of 500 pages, bound in fine cloth; embossed, bevelled edges. Price $1 50. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

Eric; or, Little by Little. A Tale of Roslyn School. By Frederick W. Farrer, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 12mo. Muslin. Price $1. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

The Old Plantation, and what I gathered there in an Autumn month. By James Hungerford, of Maryland. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

MEDICAL, SURGICAL, ETC.

The Science and Art of Surgery; being a Treatise on Surgical Injuries, Diseases, and Operations. By John Erichsen, Professor of Surgery in University College, London. New and Improved American, from the 2d enlarged and carefully revised London edition. Illustrated with over 400 engravings on wood. In 1 large octavo volume of 1000 closely printed pages, leather raised bands. $4 50. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review; or, Quarterly Journal of Practical Medicine and Surgery. No. XLV. for January, 1859—Containing Reviews of recently published works on Public Hygiene, Baths, Sewers, Sanitary State of People of England, Anatomy, Descriptive and Comparative; Obstetrics, Psychology, Chloroform, Electricity, Galvanism, Electro-Magnetism, in cure of Disease; Urinary Deposits. Also, Brief Notices of Works on Amputation, Photographic Manipulation, Diseases of Chest, Dropsy, Microscope, Clinical Surgery, Nervous Diseases, Chemistry; Original Papers on Laws of Organic Form, Supposed Antagonism of Consumption and Ague, Inquiry on Endocarditis, etc. $3 a year. New York: S. S. & W. Wood.

SCIENTIFIC.

Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 3, containing the Great Unfinished Problems of the Universe, with the Motions of the Sun and the Planets through Space, and the Determination of the Centre of the Stellar Universe. By Prof. O. M. Mitchel, of the Cincinnati Observatory, being a Lecture delivered Saturday evening, January 29, 1859, at the Academy of Music, New York, before an immense audience, and for the benefit of Prof. Mitchel. 10 cts. New York: E. D. Barker.

Ichnology of New England. A Report on the Sand Stone of the Connecticut Valley, especially its Fossil Foot Marks, made to the Government of the State of Massachusetts. By Rev. Edward Hitchcock, D.D., late President of Amherst College. With numerous illustrations. In one large quarto volume. Price $5. Printed by order of the State, and a limited number of copies only to be sold. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL, ETC.

Biographical Sketch of Amariah Brigham, M.D., late Superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y. pp. 84. Utica: W. O. McClure.

The Reformed Gambler; or, the History of the Later Years of the Life of Jonathan H. Green (the "Reformed Gambler"). To which is added a Complete and Full Exposition of the Game of Thimbles, Diamond Cut Diamond, or the Gentleman's Game; Dead Open and Shut, Church Gambling, Five Acre Rambs, Lotteries, Post Office Game, Found Cake, or Ring Game; the Preacher and the Gambler, Grab Lee, etc. Written by himself. 12mo. pp. 260. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins, compiled by his Son, Rev. William George Hawkins, A.M. 1 vol. pp. 453. $1. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. To be completed in Eight Volumes. 12mo. Muslin. $1 per volume. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Christian Union and the Protestant Episcopal Church in its Relation to Church Unity. By Wm. H. Lewis, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, L. I. 116 pp. 12mo. Cloth, 37 cts. New York: Rev. F. D. Harriman.

Who is our God? The Son or the Father? A Review of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. By Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson.

Fairbairn's Hermeneutical Manual; or, Introduction to the Exegetical Study of the Scriptures of the New Testament. By Patrick Fairbairn, D.D., Principal and Professor of Divinity in the Free Church College, Glasgow; author of "Typology of Scripture," "Ezekiel," "Prophecy," etc. 12mo., Cloth, $1 50. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

Thoughts of Favored Hours, upon Bible Incidents and Characters, and other Subjects. By Josiah Copley. 18mo., pp. 286. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

What is to become of the Churches? A Layman's Response to a Minister's Inquiries. 18mo., pp. 107. Henry V. Degen.

LEGAL.

Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews. With an Introductory Essay on Civil Society and Government. By R. C. Wines, D.D., Professor of Greek in Washington College. Third edition. 8vo. $2 50. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

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The Golden Age. By Luther W. Peck, A.M. 12mo. pp. 208. E. Goodenough.

The Mother's Mission. By the author of the "Object of Life." 75 cts. New York: Henry Hoyt.

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ENGLISH.

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Received at the Office of The Saturday Press,

For the week ending February 12, 1859.

Beatrice Cenci. Lithographed from a Photograph of the celebrated painting by Guido. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The Courtship of Miles Standish. Photographed from a design by Darley. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The Pioneers, or The Sources of the Susquehanna. A Descriptive Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

What Religion may do for a Man. By the Rev. Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society. Preached at the Music Hall on Sunday, Jan. 2, 1859. Phonographically Reported by Rufus Leighton. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. Sold by H. W. Swett.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Vol. LXXXIII., January, 1859. Edited by Isaac Hayes, M.D. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

The Hand-Book of Standard or American Phonography. In Five Parts. By Andrew J. Graham, Conductor of the Phonetic Academy, New York; and author of "Brief Long Hand," "A System for the Rapid Expression of Numbers," etc., New York: Andrew J. Graham, 348 Broadway.

Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom; or the Branded Hand. Translated from the original Shemish, and edited by an American Citizen. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson, 1858.

In and Around Stamboul. By Mrs. Edward Hornby. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

The Presbyterian Quarterly Review. No. XXVII. January, 1859. New York: Tyrhon & Phinney.

Who is our God? The Son or the Father? A Review of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. By Thomas J. J. Sawyer, D.D. New York. Thatcher & Hutchinson, 1859.

The Historical Magazine and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. January, 1859. New York: C. Benjamin Richardson.

Home Hits and Hints: a Book for the Fireside. By William T. Coggeshall, author of "Oakshaw," "Life and Character in the South and West," etc. New York: Redfield.

Symbols of the Capital; or Civilization in New York. By A. D. Mayo. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson, 1859.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution for the year 1857. Washington: William A. Harris. 1858.

The Librarian's Manual. A Treatise on Bibliography, comprising a Select and Descriptive List of Biographical Works: To which are added Sketches of Public Libraries. Illustrated with Engravings. By Reuben A. Guild, A.M., Librarian of Brown University, Providence, R. I. New York: Charles B. Norton, Agent for Libraries. 1858.

Life, Teachings, and Death of Socrates. From Grote's History of Greece. New York: Delisser & Procter. 1859.

The History, Object, and proper observance of the Holy Season of Lent. By the Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, D.D., Bishop of California, author of "The Double Witness of the Church," "The Early Conflicts of Christianity," etc., etc. Tenth Edition. New York: Delisser & Procter. 1859.

The Old Plantation, and what I gathered there in an Autumn Month. By James Hungerford, of Maryland. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1857.—Agriculture—Washington. James B. Stedman.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins, compiled by his Son, Rev. William George Hawkins, A.M. 1 vol. pp. 433. $1. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

— Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, publishers and booksellers, have removed their place of business from 310 Broadway to the central and spacious premises 130 Grand street, corner of Crosby, a few doors from Scribner's. Grand street is looking up, and bids fair to become, in time, as celebrated as Paternoster Row and Amen Corner in London.

— It was the original design of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields to complete their edition of the Waverley Novels in forty-eight volumes, but the copious index and glossary, with a variety of valuable matter, have rendered it necessary for the publishers to issue two additional volumes. These will appear on the 1st of March.

CHESS.

Replies and Remarks.

— The idea which *H. F. V.* has attempted to elaborate is a good one, but 1. Kt a5—b7 leads equally to a mate in three moves. Will he send us a corrected version?

— We shall comply with the request of *Swipes*, and give a selection from Stamma. It is true that many later compositions have excelled his celebrated Hundred Positions in complexity and ornamental richness; but the severe and simple elegance of the renowned Syrian's conceptions will always give them a classical rank in problem literature.

— There is an Icelandic manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (originally forming a part of the famous Finn Magnusen's collection), which gives a magic figure or rune, by the aid of which a player is always sure to win at chess. It is in the shape of a cross, with the ends rudely ornamented, and is to be carved in wood and held in the hand while playing. What a valuable thing it would be for Paul Morphy's opponents!

— A fac-simile copy of the first book ever printed in England is in the Astor Library. It is entitled *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*, and was translated from the French by William Caxton, who issued it immediately after he had set up his press in Westminster in 1474. The original edition has sometimes brought as much as a thousand dollars. It contains many curious wood cuts of the pieces and poems.

— The *Sunday Mercury*, of Philadelphia, republishes part of the article on chess from Appleton's *Cyclopædia*, but neglects to mention the source from which it is taken.

— The song to which *S.* alludes was composed for a chess banquet in Newcastle, England, some eight or nine years since. It was written by Mr. P. Marshall, A. B., and the last stanza runs as follows:

"Then let us ever cherish it, this game that, well defined,
Reveals our life's exchequer'd scene, where the pieces are mankind;
And as each circling year revolves, we'll garlands intertwine,
And wreath our cup to celebrate this glorious game in wine,
This fine old game of Eastern lands, this game of Orient climes."

— The Saturday Press has read with pleasure the apologetic and friendly words of the *Evening Bulletin*. These two great chess organs will hereafter, we trust, be tuned in unison, although we shall strenuously insist upon the right to score such music as we evolve according to the system of the universal notation.

— In answer to *Henry's* query, we are able to state that the best critics consider the following as one of the finest of Mr. S. Loyd's two-move positions:

White.—K c6, Q g6, B b3, Kt c3.
Black.—K d4, Q e2, B c4, P d3.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

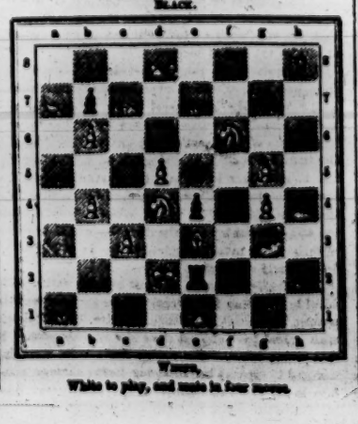
— A set of games has been played by telegraph between the Liverpool and Manchester clubs. The former association won a large majority—a result that will prove a sore blow to the Manchester men, who have for two or three years past been regarded as the finest provincial body of players in England.

— Our latest private letters from Mr. Morphy inform us that he has not yet authorised the publication of the statement that he intends to play twenty simultaneous blindfold games, and we hope that he will be dissuaded from the attempt to perform such a gigantic mental task. He was still engaged in preparing some of his games for publication, and as soon as he had finished would leave Paris, and pay a flying visit to Berlin, where he will encounter Lange, Mayet, Defresne, and Franz. His health is fully reëstablished, and he was playing some of the *habitués* of the Café de la Régence at the odds of Rook, Knight, and Pawn and Two.

— A communication from our attentive correspondent, Mr. Centurini, of Genoa, Italy, gives us the gratifying intelligence that the distinguished Dubois was making arrangements to commence the publication of an Italian chess magazine in the Eternal city.

— Our problem criticisms this week are chiefly favorable. *Evening Bulletin*, 17, *Saturday Evening Gazette*, 41, *Baltimore Dispatch*, 33, *Cincinnati Dispatch*, 34, *The Albion*, 522, and *The Illustrirte Zeitung* (of Leipzig), 730, are all by S. L., and appear to be correct. The *Lynn News*, 49, by J. A. P., is a little gem, but 50, by E. P., Jr., is unfortunately susceptible of several solutions. *Syracuse Standard*, 70, by J. G., is sound but not difficult. *Porter's Spirit*, 11, by Quint, has two solutions. *Frank Leslie's*, 183, by T. M. B., is really a masterpiece. *Missouri Democrat*, 13, by T. M. B., is very fine, but 14, by W. E. C., is only partially correct. *Winona Republican*, 41, by G. H. C., is neat but easy. *Sunday Mercury*, 34, by A. K., is a good conception. *Spirit of the Times*, 34, by W. W. (from the *Era*), is quite simple. *News of the World*, 11, by S. A., is a position previously incorrect, but in its new shape pretty and praiseworthy.

PROBLEM NO. 16.
By Mr. J. G. Dragilla, of Halberg.
BLACK.



White to play, and mate in four moves.

UNPUBLISHED GAME BETWEEN MORPHY AND PAULSEN.

	Paulsen.	Morphy.				
1.	e5—e6	e7—e5	14.	B	f1—c4:	Kt c6—e7†
2.	Kt g5—f7	Kt g8—f6	15.	K	g1—h1	Kt e7—c6!
3.	Kt f7—g5	Kt f6—e8	16.	B	f1—c1:	R a8—e8
4.	d2—d4	P to K B 4th	17.	B	g5—e6	b7—b5
5.	B f1—b5	Kt b8—c6	18.	B	c4—b3	c7—c5
6.	Q d1—f3	d7—d5	19.	P	c2—c3	a7—a5
7.	Kt g5—e6:	B c8—b7	20.	P	a2—a3	B f8—e6
8.	P to K 5	P to Q 4			In order to advance the Pawn at c4.	
9.	Q f3—g3	Kt c6—a5	21.	R	c1—d1	b5—b4
10.	B b5—c6:	c7—c6	22.	P	a3—b4:	a5—b4:
	Black must now win a Pawn.		24.	P	b2—b3	c6—c5
11.	B b5—a4	Q d8—a5	25.	P	c3—c3	b4—c3:
12.	B a4—b3	Q a5—c3:			The reader will see upon examination that White could not play 25. B b3—d5 :.	
13.	B c1—f4	B c8—d7	26.	B	b3—c3	R a8—a3
14.	R a1—c1	Q f7—g6	27.	R	d1—c1	R a3—a6
15.	Q g3—c3:	Kt c4—e5	28.	B	f8—g5	R a3—a1
	This loose White at least thought exchange, but he does not appear to have had anything better.		29.	B	c3—b1	c5—c4

And Mr. Paulsen resigns, since his adversary must now win a piece by force; for if 30. B b1—c2:, R a1—c1:†; 31. B g5—e1:, R a6—a1, gaining the Bishop at c1.

PROVINCIAL AMBITION.

The gods undoubtedly intend to destroy the *Lynn News*, for that philosophistic sheet has been seized with an unhappy and perhaps irremediable madness. So potent is the horrible hallucination under which it labors, that it has been led into a witless and wordy assault upon the chess editor of the Saturday Press. To what bitter end is destiny leading it? Icarus, soaring above the blue Mediterranean, was not half so insanely venturesome, but did the sun refuse to melt his waxen wings? Actæon, fixing his vision upon the immortal charms of Dian and her nymphs, was not half so foolishly daring, but did the incensed goddess show one touch of mercy? If retributive waves overwhelm this modern Icarus, if remorseless dogs tear in pieces this new Actæon, a bereaved world will sadly sigh and mournfully mourn, but will never impugn the justice of the avenging Nemesis. For the wisdom-illumined individual whose breathing thoughts and burning words sparkle down the chess columns of the Saturday Press, dwells in a sphere above and beyond the possible intrusion of those who tread the usual walks of chess-editorial life. His character is a happy union of unassuming modesty and dignified self-respect; his existence is a rare combination of philosophic ease with Herculean industry; his mind is cast in a Himalayan mould; his nature transcends criticism. Men contemplate his unattainable position with feelings of mingled envy and admiration, while the gods cast upon him kindly and kindred glances, and already dream of his apotheosis. From such a height he gazes calmly down upon all other wielders of the scaccographic pen. From such a height he sees, with benign placidity, the bolts which are aimed at his head fall harmlessly to the ground, their strength sped long before they have measured a moiety of the broad distance which separates him from his rashly ambitious assailants.

How smoothly and serenely does this Calean sage float down the fast-flowing stream of Time! From sunrise to noon he gazes from a breezy balcony upon a court paved with many squares of alternate gold and silver. Upon this resplendent mosaic sixteen slaves, of a glossy blackness, whose native home lies behind the Mountains of the Moon, represent the sable pieces and pawns; and upon the opposite side a similar number of fair-hued Georgians personate the white forces. These breathing chessmen, guided by the waving hand or glancing eye of the unapproachable Enveor, walk through the mazes of the longest game, and trace out its endless variations with unvarying accuracy. His afternoons are spent in concocting problems, in myriads of moves, of unimagined beauty and inexplicable intricacy, but which he humanely declines to publish, lest all living composers die in an envious rage, and all existing problem-solvers perish in despair. He passes his evenings in the studious retirement of his library, where the wearied shelves groan under the weight of their literary treasures. There may be found chess manuscripts on palm leaves, in that most ancient Indian tongue whose annals defy chronology; on parchment in the sweet speech of the amorous Sadi, the divine Hafiz, and the epic Firdausi; on papyrus in all the languages of the Shemitic race; and on thinnest paper in the monosyllabic and indescribable Chinese. There every chess production of the typographic art is carefully preserved. There the whole history of the game, from its birth in the Orient to its development in the Occident, may be reviewed. Such is his life by day. By night the spirits of a thousand departed masters delight to people his dreams, while Caissa herself, with cherishing anxiety, watches over his innocent slumbers.

With an eye that pierces the future as unerringly as it reads the events of the past, this matchless Cæsar-Hegesias beholds the good time coming, in the progress of the ages (and now haply not far distant), when the world of chess shall be blest with an universal notation. Then every contest, from those battles which are fought in the ship-cabins of Arctic navigators, to those which take place under the shadow of tropical palms, shall be written down in the self-same manner. Then chess, like music and mathematics, shall have its own peculiar language, understood of all, and shall be drawn into a closer brotherhood with the sciences. Then the sublime cosmopolitan destiny of the kingly sport, which has been long foreseen and earnestly longed for by all men of broad and comprehensive minds, will be fulfilled. In that new era the shallow rhetoric and sneering sophistry, the spasmodic speech and rash resistance of the *Lynn News* will be remembered no longer.

— General Houston, who retires from the Senate on the 4th of March, says he shall devote the remainder of his life to agricultural pursuits, and to writing his autobiography; a change by which, in our opinion, the public, at least, will be a gainer.

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Mrs. Vinton desires me to express to you her entire satisfaction with your Sewing Machines. I may add that, judging from the frequency of the rapid tick of this machine, it promotes both industry and pleasure. My purse bears witness that the Sewing Machine, among its other excellencies, is a household economy.
Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton.

Your admirable needlewoman is the only seamstress that defies extortionate men. They cannot cheat it, nor starve it, nor deprive it of sleep, nor tire it out, nor make its hands weary. It is a worker that is a match for the most unwearied and avaricious manufacturer. At last, I am thankful that there is a Machine-Woman that cannot be oppressed nor kept in suffering.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

I take pleasure in saying that the Sewing Machine purchased of you by me, has been wholly serviceable.
Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D.

I regard it as the best instrument I have seen, for neatness, variety, rapidity, and beauty of performance. Its introduction among the families of our land, will be a benefaction and a blessing to mothers and daughters.
Rev. D. G. Abbott, Spingler Institute.

There is but one Sewing Machine, and that is Wheeler & Wilson's.
Judge Meigs, of the American Institute.

The most practical invention adapted to common use.—*Com. Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore.*

It will work as great a change in the family, as railroads have in States.
Hon. N. P. Banks.

The machine has given the highest satisfaction. It is indeed a household treasure. It runs with ease and velocity, makes a beautiful stitch, and has not once got out of repair.
T. S. Arthur, Arthur's Home Magazine.

Good News.—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family use, and for manufactures in the same range of purpose and material. During the present Autumn the trials have been numerous, and all the patents of any pretension have been brought fairly into competition. In every case, the Wheeler & Wilson machine has won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five ladies of the highest social standing, who, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

THE HUMAN HAIR.

How many persons abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament, by burning it with *Alcoholic washes*, and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed. *Burnett's Cocoaine*, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair, is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes the healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.

Price, 50 cents for a Half Pint Bottle.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
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Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIALS.

Boston, July 19, 1857.

Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.: I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil (*Cocoaine*).

For many

SEVEN SEENS IN A ROWDY'S HISTORY.

BY A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER.

The boy-named karrickter,
Does in his time play many curus parts
At corresponding ages. First a Suckit,
Pearl and rambunkshus in his mother's arms,
And then a savvy youngster, with his clam-shell
Creamed with terlracker, swarin all the way
To neardest common skool. And then the Short Boy,
Also a-chawin of his jowsy salad
And smokin like a furnace. Then perchanst,
A Fillibuster, bairded like a gote,
Full of gin cock-tails and of brandy slings,
Trainin by moonlite, carryin revolvers
Or praps a half brick in a stockin slung,
Or spring-back nife, and reddy to "go in"
And "make a muss" at corner groceries,
Disturbin the periesce. And then a Loafer,
Rum-soked and raggid, shufflin throo the streets
Full of bad thorts, wulfy and dangerus,
And so he gits "played out." Then Seen the Sixt—
Mebbee the Tooms, a-waitin for his tryall
Without a shyster frend to put him throo,
Bekase he's nary brad. The bitter end
Of the onfortnit Rowdy's History
Ken easier be imagend than described—
Wiz funds, wiz frends, wiz hope, wiz everything.
—*Sunday Times.*

AN EVENING AT LA MALMAISON.

From "Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss Pardoe, author of 'Court and Reign of Francis I.,' 'Life of Marie de Medicis,' 'Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century,' etc., etc., etc. Just published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Long previous to the period at which Napoleon I. became Emperor of the French, the château of la Malmaison—despite all the additions which had been made to it since its acquisition by Madame Bonaparte during the Egyptian campaign—had, like the dwelling of Socrates, become too narrow to accommodate the crowd of courtiers by whom it was thronged; and accordingly the official country residence of the First Consul was established at St. Cloud; while la Malmaison was devoted to the reception of his relatives, and those personal friends who were peculiarly honored with his confidence.

Under the Empire this arrangement was continued; and Napoleon was accustomed, then and there, to forget for awhile the monarch in the man, and to dispense with the cumbrous trammels of an etiquette which the earlier habits of his life necessarily tended to render more than commonly irksome.

It was especially in the evening, when the cares and duties of the day were at an end, that the Emperor, surrounded by a chosen circle, either conversed without restraint, or related anecdotes connected with his own wonderful career, in a brief, emphatic, and even dramatic manner, which riveted the attention of his listeners. It is well known that Napoleon prided himself on his talent as a *conteur*; and that he seldom required much entreaty to fall back upon his stirring and varied memories, and to afford to his hearers partial and mysterious glimpses of men and events which must otherwise have remained unguessed at.

On one occasion, when the party comprised only certain members of the Imperial family, and the more confidential individuals of their respective households, the Duke of Wurtemberg chanced to be mentioned; upon which the Emperor uttered a warm eulogium on that prince, which he concluded by inquiring if it were correct that the Elector of Wurtemberg really did, as he assumed to do, trace his descent from a Mayor of the Palace of Clovis, named Eymerich?

"No, Sire," replied M. d'Aubesson, one of his chamberlains, celebrated for his antiquarian researches; "such a pretension is altogether unfounded, as all is mere fable regarding the Electoral House of Wurtemberg, beyond the eleventh century. Its recognised founder, Conrad II., was the ancestor of a line of princes who were equally distinguished as rulers and as warriors; but it was only towards the close of the fifteenth century that the Countship of Wurtemberg was erected into a duchy by the Emperor Maximilian; when Count Eberhard, having subjected to his authority a part of Suabia, solicited the title, for which he moreover paid three hundred thousand florins."

"No bad bargain for Maximilian," said Napoleon, inhaling a huge pinch of snuff. "Proceed, *M. le Généalogiste*."

"The newly-made duke remained the vassal of Austria, as his father had been before him," continued the chamberlain; "although thenceforward he became Duke of Wurtemberg and Leck, and grand standard-bearer of the Empire. It was not until the reign of the Emperor Rodolphe II. that his descendants shook off the Austrian yoke, and that the Duchy of Wurtemberg became a fief of Rome; with the sole reservation that, in the event of the ducal house becoming extinct, it was to revert to its original master. Consequently, it is only from that period that the princes of Wurtemberg have exercised an independent sovereignty."

"I have since added a jewel to their crown," remarked the Emperor thoughtfully, as he rose and began to pace the floor slowly, with his hands behind him, according to his usual habit; "I have caused it to be admitted into the Electoral College. Perhaps—How old is the present king, M. d'Aubesson?"

"He is far from being a young man, sire; in fact, he is now seventy years of age. Frederick William was born in 1784; and in 1780 he married the Princess Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, who died on the 27th of September, 1788."

"Aye," said Napoleon, suddenly pausing in his walk and confronting the speaker; "Frederick William, King of Wurtemberg, is a widower."

Nothing could be more simple than these words, but there was something so peculiar in the tone in which they were uttered, that for a moment no one spoke; at length, however, Josephine, whose curiosity was aroused by the mysterious manner of her husband, roused herself from her recumbent position on the sofa, where she had been reclining in all the graceful indolence of her creole nature, and asked in her low, sweet voice:—

"What have you to tell us, Bonaparte?"

The Emperor smiled, took another long pinch of snuff, and then, resuming his former position, with his back to the fireplace, and his eyes fixed on the beautiful questioner, he said emphatically:—

"Listen. On the 4th of October, 1788, and at precisely 8 o'clock in the morning, a man made his appearance at the residence of M. Diedrich, the principal magistrate of the city of Strasbourg. The servant who announced him was as pale as a corpse, and trembled in every limb. 'What is the matter with you, Franck?' asked his master.

"'Sir,' stammered the valet.

"'Answer me instantly!'

"'Sir, it is the public executioner.'

"'Desire him to come in, and then leave us;' was the calm reply.

"The headsman of Strasbourg," pursued Napoleon, "was, despite his horrible profession, a man of exemplary character; mild in temper, of good morals, pious, and charitable. He was, moreover, a clever surgeon, and very expert in reducing fractures and setting broken limbs; services which he never refused to render to those who applied to him for assistance; a circumstance which, as you will readily understand, had acquired for him a species of popularity among the lower classes, who pitied without despising him; and, by a singular anomaly, respected him even while his presence never failed to inspire a terror which they could not overcome."

Josephine shuddered, and drew her shawl more closely about her. She was, as is well known, exceedingly superstitious; and her attention was thoroughly aroused.

"When Franck had closed the door behind him," continued Napoleon, "this man moved a pace or two forward; and then, as was customary, knelt down. The expression of his face was serious, but calm and decided.

"'What want you with me, my master?' inquired M. Diedrich.

"'I obey the promptings of my conscience, *monsieur*,' was the reply; 'I seek to fulfill a duty. Condescend therefore, I entreat of you, to receive my declaration, and to take it down in writing. The circumstance which I am about to reveal is important; do not then omit a detail, for I feel that it is only by a complete and clear understanding of the facts that my agency in the unhappy event can be justified.'

"This preface naturally excited the curiosity of the magistrate; who, having seated himself at his desk, desired the executioner to tell his tale.

"'About a week since,' commenced the man, still kneeling' 'that is, *monsieur*, at one o'clock in the morning of the 27th September last, I was in bed in the lone house given to me by the city, when I heard a loud knocking at the outer door. My old housekeeper, who had been awakened by the noise, had already gone to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, and had ultimately opened it, believing that my services were required, as is frequently the case, by some one who was suffering from an accident; while, acting under the same impression, I hastened to put on my clothes. Soon, however, I became aware that the poor helpless old woman was struggling with some persons who were threatening to shoot her. "Kill me if you will," I heard her say, "but do not harm my master." "We shall do him no injury," was the reply; "we mean him none. On the contrary, he will be well paid if he consents to do what we require; but if he values his life he *must* do so, or take the consequences upon himself." By this time, *monsieur*, I was dressed; and I was about to go down stairs to ascertain what was required of me, when two men in masks rushed into my room, which chanced at that moment to be flooded with moonlight. In an instant I procured a lamp, and demanded to know their business; nor do I seek to deny that I was considerably agitated when I saw a brace of pistols pointed at my head and breast, as I began to apprehend that I was about to become the victim of their violence. From the isolated situation of my dwelling I was aware that I could hope for no help from without—and even had it been otherwise,' he added mournfully, 'who would have risked his life, or even his reputation, to rescue the city-headsman? As a last resource, therefore, I entreated my mysterious visitors to spare my life; alleging, and with truth, that I had never injured a human being save in the fulfilment of my onerous office. "Your life is in no danger," was the assurance which I received in reply to my supplication, "on condition that you implicitly obey our orders; but, should you hesitate, even for an instant, you will not see another dawn. Select the best and sharpest of your weapons; allow us quietly to blindfold you; remain silent, and follow us." As the pistols were still pointed towards me, resistance was useless; and I was compelled to submit. When a thick handkerchief had been carefully and skilfully bound over my eyes, I was lifted into a carriage, and seated between the two strangers, who had no sooner warned my terrified housekeeper that should she mention to any one, be it whom it might, the event which had just taken place, my life would be the forfeit of her indiscretion, then the horses were urged into a gallop; and, powerless as a child, I could only offer up a silent prayer for protection and support. I could not form the faintest idea of the direction in which we were traveling; could only calculate that the journey occupied eighteen or twenty hours. At its close I was lifted out of the carriage with the same precaution as I had been placed in it; and then, each of my companions grasping one of my arms, I was hurried forward. After walking on a level surface for several minutes, we ascended a flight of stairs, which, from the echoing of our footsteps, I am convinced must have been both wide and lofty; and, finally, we reached a spacious saloon, where the bandage was removed from my eyes. It was still daylight, but the sun was about to set, which satisfied me that my calculation of time had been a correct one. An abundant and luxurious meal was placed before me, but I remarked the almost total absence of wine from the table, as my long and rapid journey, and the pressure of the handkerchief across my forehead, had produced upon me an almost agonising thirst.

"'When the darkness closed in, I was desired to arm myself with the weapon which I had previously been directed to select, and to hold myself ready to decapitate the person whom I had been conveyed thither to execute; but, even unhappily accustomed as I had been for years to fulfil my dreary duties under the sanction of the law, and, aware as I could not fail to be from the first, of the purpose for which my presence was required, now that the moment of trial had actually arrived my whole soul revolted at what I at once felt to be a murder; and consequently, with as much energy as I could command, I refused to obey. "Decide promptly," said a voice, which I then heard for the first time; and there was a cruel calmness in its every accent which chilled my very blood. "Your refusal will not save the culprit, and you will instantly share her fate."

"'It was then a woman whom I was about to launch into eternity! Oh, *monsieur*, you would have pitied even *me* at that moment—a woman who, for aught I could tell, might be guiltless of all crime, and the mere victim of another's hate. Vainly, however, did I protest and entreat; I was compelled to yield to a force which I was unable to resist—the sin was heavy on my soul, but I had no alternative. My sword was placed in my hand; a black veil was thrown over my head; and I was forced onward through several apartments, evidently of great size. At length my guide stopped in an immense hall; the veil was removed, and I saw before me, in the centre of the vast and chilling space, a scaffold about three feet in height, upon which rested a block covered with black velvet, while a thick layer of red saw-dust was strewn on the uncarpeted floor. I trembled in every limb. Never throughout my whole career had I been so utterly unmanned. Whose life was I about to take? What fearful and irremediable crime was I about to commit? I had but little time to ask myself these questions, for a few seconds only had elapsed since my own entrance into that fatal hall when the victim was borne towards the scaffold in the arms of several men. It was a woman of unusual height, and of the most dazzling fairness; her luxuriant hair, of pale auburn, was confined by a scarf of black crape; she was uncovered to the waist, and the rest of her body was thrust into a black velvet sack which was tied under her feet, thus leaving only her bust exposed. Her hands were bound together with a cord of purple silk, and she was closely masked. The wretched woman uttered no shriek, no supplication, which added to the horror of the spectacle; this mute despair, as I then considered it, being strange and unnatural; but she had scarcely been lifted on to the scaffold, when I discovered that she was closely gagged! The men who held her, eight or ten in number, had no sooner laid her down upon the scaffold than they withdrew a few paces—their wretched victim bent her head unresistingly upon the block—and in another instant all was over.

"'Pity me, *monsieur*, for assuredly a grievous crime was consummated by my hand; and ere long I look to learn that the courts of Europe will be thrown into mourning.'

"'What ensued?' demanded M. Diedrich.

"'My frightful office done,' pursued the headsman, 'I was not even allowed time to wipe the blood from my sword; another performed that duty for me; while I was hastily conducted back to the saloon where food had been before provided for me; and where I now found the table crowded with the rarest wines. I seated myself for an instant in order to regain composure, but I was too sick at heart to avail myself of the profferd refreshments; and in a short time my masked companions and myself were once more in the carriage. We travelled on without halting, save to change horses at the several stages where relays had evidently been awaiting us, and where we were never detained beyond a few minutes, throughout that night and part of the following day; and in about twenty hours, as before, we stopped in front of my own house, where I was assisted to alight, and a canvas bag containing two hundred louis was placed in my hands. I have brought them with me, *monsieur*, that you may make whatever use of them you think best. I was then warned never to reveal any circumstance connected with the event in which I had been so unwillingly and fatally an actor, on peril of my life; and assured that if I obeyed this injunction, my silence should be richly compensated: "While I, on the contrary, you seek to penetrate a mystery in which you cannot have an interest, and to which you can never obtain a clue," added one of my companions, "the very attempt will prove your own destruction, as well as that of those to whom you have been rash enough to confide your secret." With this assurance the strangers drove off, leaving me standing in the road. I waited a short time, listening to the sound of the receding wheels; and then, as it died away in the distance, I withdrew the handkerchief, and joyfully crossed the threshold of my own home.

"'I have now told you all, *monsieur*. You know every detail of the mysterious and tragical history with which my conscience was so overburthened that I could no longer sustain its weight alone. If I have offended against the law, I must submit to pay the penalty of my crime; but, should you feel that I only yielded to an insurmountable necessity, suffer me to hope that I may not forfeit the protection and favor which I have for many years struggled to merit, by counterbalancing the hateful duties of my office by deeds of charity towards my fellow-creatures.'"

"And what said M. Diedrich?" gasped out Josephine, upon whom the dramatic effect given to the narrative by the manner of the Emperor had produced so strong an impression that she could not conceal her emotion; "Surely, he could not condemn the unhappy man?"

"M. Diedrich," replied Napoleon, "had listened with an interest equal to your own to the revelations of the headsman; but when the latter drew the money from his bosom and held it towards him, he became alarmed. It had at once been evident to him that the suspicion of the man was a correct one; and that the individual who had been put to death was no common victim. Instigated, therefore, by this conviction, and by no means indifferent to the threat that any recipient of the formidable secret would share the fate of him who had revealed it, he refused to risk the responsibility of accepting such a charge; and desired that not only the money should be retained by its present owner, but also that he should not divulge to any one the fact of his having mentioned its existence to himself.

"'Be it as you will, *monsignor*,' said his visitor; 'I shall, in that case, expend it in masses for the victim who fell by my hand, and in alms to the poor. It is only by doing so that I can regain peace of mind and conscience.' He then signed the deposition that he had made, and withdrew.

"M. Diedrich was no sooner alone than he placed this extraordinary document under cover, and despatched it by a courier to the Baron de Breteuil, who was at that period Prime Minister. A fortnight elapsed ere he received any reply; but at the end of that time a packet was delivered to him by the Governor of Strasbourg, which contained these words: 'Sir, I have submitted to His Majesty the communication which you addressed to me, and I have been honored by the command of the King, to express his desire that the person in question shall retain the amount which was bestowed on him; and to inform you that he will receive a second sum of the same value, provided he maintain perfect silence on all that has occurred.'"

"But"—commenced the Empress.

Napoleon smiled.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively.

"But"—repeated Josephine; "we are not surely to infer that the King"—

"Madame," interposed Napoleon, impressively, "I am about to conclude my tale, and perhaps to give you the key to it. Such events as that which I have just related are more common in the history of courts than the uninitiated would apprehend; and, unfortunately, the fact is never known until the evil is beyond remedy."

"Good heavens, Bonaparte! Why do you tell us such horrid stories and compel us to believe them?" exclaimed the agitated Josephine. "Are you endeavoring to frighten us to death?"

"Are you frightened, Pauline?" asked the Emperor, turning towards the fairest and the frailest of his sisters, the Princess Borghese; "I am, as you hear, relating the history—or rather the ultimate fate—of a beautiful, a very beautiful woman."

"Why do you appeal to me, Napoléone?" was the rejoinder. "Your vanity as a *conteur* is really insatiable. You have beheaded your heroine, so there is an end of the affair; for no one can take the slightest interest in a parcel of barbarians who could murder a beautiful woman in cold blood."

"Nevertheless, and with due deference to your opinion, I will finish my story," said the Emperor with one of his most sarcastic smiles. "The Duke of Wurtemberg married a second wife nine years after the death of his first, and during my campaign in Italy. The successor of Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, was Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess-royal of England, and daughter of George II. He was at that period only Prince-royal, but succeeded his father on the 19th of December, 1797.

"Wurtemberg had hitherto made common cause with the Germanic Empire against France. The new sovereign was, however, no sooner in possession of the throne than he hastened to conclude a peace; and opened a correspondence for that purpose with me, which was carried on until my departure for Egypt. I am not about to digress into politics, so do not look alarmed, Josephine—*Je reviens à mes moutons.*

"The first wife of the Duke of Wurtemberg had been both beautiful and intellectual, but she was, nevertheless, not perfect; and whispers soon became rife at court that she had looked with marked favor upon a certain handsome young page; who, presuming upon her protection, took the liberty of attempting to leave the country without the sanction of his sovereign. The motive of his thus seeking to absent himself at a time when his vanity and his ambition may be supposed to have been alike gratified, was never known; though it was afterwards surmised that his courage did not altogether equal his personal advantages; and that he was apprehensive of the results of an affair so delicate and dangerous as that in which he found himself involved. Be this as it might, thus much at least is certain, that he had already reached the frontier, and had nearly completed his supper, when a pouch was placed before him on a plate of curious old china, beneath which he found a small scroll of paper, whereon were written the words: 'Return, or tremble!'

"He returned.

"Scarcely, however, had he regained the capital, when he saw upon his dressing-table a magnificent vase of cut and colored glass; and while in the act of examining this new bauble, and wondering whence it could have come, a second scroll, similar to the first, dropped at his feet, which being unrolled, he found to contain a new warning. On this occasion it bore the injunction, 'Depart, or tremble!'

"Vacillating between these two opposite commands, the young man resolved to explain the mysterious circumstance to his royal mistress; to explain to her the peril in which he stood, and to solicit her advice. Its nature may be surmised by the fact that the youth made no further attempt to leave the court.

"Rumor asserts that, about this time, a prince—we will not guess at his identity—paid a visit to the father of the audacious page, and laid before him sundry letters, papers, and love-tokens, tending to implicate the wife of the one, and the son of the other; and that when the miserable parent had read them through and to end, his visitor said sternly: 'Pronounce the sentence of the culprit.' The lips of the wretched father quivered spasmodically, but he could not articulate a syllable; and, meanwhile, the clear cold eye of the outraged husband remained fixed upon him.

"They were standing beside the wide hearth, upon which blazed a huge fire of pine wood; and at length the modern Brutus grasped with trembling fingers one of the handbills which chanced to be within his reach, and tossed in the ashes several letters. The words thus written commenced with a D, and was terminated by an h. The sentence was tacitly pronounced. The prince burst for a few seconds over the ill-formed characters—for the muscles of the writer had forced him from his purpose—and then, with a cold bend of the head, he strode from the room and left the house.

"A council was convened, at which were assembled all the principal personages of the State, and several of the relatives of the princess. The condemnatory documents were produced and read; and as they were conclusive of the guilt of both parties, each individual present was invited to pronounce sentence upon the accused. The first who replied to the appeal declared for a divorce; but a near kinsman of the erring wife vehemently opposed what he affirmed to be an ill-judged and dangerous act of lenity. 'Her death alone,' he exclaimed, 'can save the honor of the prince. There is no other alternative.' His opinion was adopted; and the council had no sooner broken up than the same individual who had endeavored to save the life of the guilty woman, hastened to apprise her of the fate with which she was menaced, and to entreat that she would save herself by flight; offering at the same time to assist her evasion that very night, if she would solemnly pledge herself never again to see the rash young man by whose imprudence she had been compromised, and to remain during the remainder of her life a self-constituted prisoner in a castle in Scotland, where he could insure her a refuge.

"As she rejected both these conditions with haughty displeasure, the interview was abruptly terminated by her chivalrous visitor; who, although he had been willing to risk his own life in order to save that of his fair but frail mistress, could not contemplate without disgust her steady perseverance in vice, even under circumstances so threatening as those by which she was surrounded. 'Pardon me, madame,' he said coldly as he prepared to leave the room; 'I intruded myself in the hope of rendering service to a repentant woman; but I have no help to offer to one who glories in her sin.' Unhappily for herself, she did not recall him.

"The room occupied by the page was situated on the higher story of the palace, at the termination of a long gallery, which was repeated on every floor to the foundation of the building. It was necessary that he should traverse this gallery in order to gain a back staircase by which he was accustomed to reach the private apartments of the princess; and his destruction was consequently easy. On each floor, and precisely on the same spot, four boards were removed, thus forming a wide opening, which terminated only above the chamber of his royal mistress. The upper gallery, into which his own room opened, was never lighted; an arrangement which had hitherto been subject of congratulation to both parties, as it rendered his movements less likely to excite observation; and one upon which they had frequently congratulated themselves. He had, therefore, been long accustomed to grope his way in the darkness; and—thus much premised—you may readily anticipate the sequel. The wretched page, unsuspicious of the fate which impended over him, and so familiar with his path that he needed no lamp to guide his footsteps, sprang across the threshold of his chamber without one misgiving, as the last sounds of life died away in the corridors of the palace, and the deep silence of midnight settled over its dim halls and passages—three bounds, and his foot met no resistance—down, down, headlong, from floor to floor, fell the bold and ambitious boy, who had dared to raise his eyes to the wife of his sovereign—down, down, until he met with one slight obstacle in his descent, so slight that it falled beneath his weight, and only served to render his suffering more acute. The planks which formed the ceiling of the princess's apartment had not been removed, lest the circumstance might attract her notice and thus excite her suspicions, but they were so skillfully sawn through that they hung merely by a few fibres; and he had therefore no sooner struck upon them than they yielded beneath the sudden pressure; and the blooming page, with his blue eyes, his cloud of sunny hair, his ruby lips, and his graceful limbs, fell a shapeless and ensanguined mass at the feet of the royal lady who was awaiting him."

A cry of horror burst from all the auditors of the Emperor; and his self-gratulation at the effect which his narrative had produced was visible.

Not a voice was raised to urge him to proceed with his tale, but each of the party looked earnestly towards him. Napoleon perfectly understood the silent and agitated appeal. He slowly buried his finger and thumb in his snuff-box, inhaled "the fragrant weed" with epicurean deliberation; and then, resuming his habitual attitude, he pursued his narration.

"The scene must have been a frightful one when Mary Stuart vainly sought to screen Rizzio from the daggers of his assassins, and saw the skirts of her robe dabbled in his blood; but that was mere melodrama to the spectacle of Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, gazing down upon the mummified mass of what had so lately been the peerless person of her lover. No doubt that her first impulse must have been to fling herself upon his body; to clasp him, crushed and disfigured as he was, to the heart which had enshrined him as its idol; but even passion is not omnipotent, for we are all more or less human and self-centred. Well is it for us that we are so perpetually satisfied with the surface of things; that we do not seek to look deeper; let us retain our illusions while we can.

"In this case the illusion lasted no longer; what Caroline had loved was the brilliant beauty, and the faultless proportions of the unhappy boy, whom she had lured to his destruction—and what remained of these? A shapeless and gory heap, at which her woman nature revolted, and before which her woman courage shrank appalled. That thus it must have been is certain; for the gorgeous apartment, whose echoes had long been awakened only by murmured words of tenderness and sighs of passion, now resounded with wild shrieks, and bursts of unearthly laughter; while her women, attracted by the cries of their mistress, rushed to her assistance, ignorant of the catastrophe which awaited them.

"The princess was borne to her bed insensible. The screams of her attendants aroused the other inmates of the palace, and the greatest consternation prevailed. The accident appeared so inexplicable that even horror was partially swallowed up in astonishment; although there were a few among the spectators who looked gloomily upon each other, like men disposed to seek a deeper and darker solution of the mystery than they cared to acknowledge. There was, however, one individual of more nerve and presence of mind than those about him, who undertook to explain the cause of the frightful tragedy by asserting that, beyond all doubt, the dry rot had destroyed the timbers of the palace; and, in accordance with this opinion, all the galleries on that side of the building were closed on the pretext, that they were too dangerous for use until the flooring had been relaid.

"The public were satisfied with this explanation—let us not quarrel with their credulity.

"The princess was no sooner restored to consciousness than she thoroughly appreciated the peril of her position. She regretted, beyond all doubt, her refusal to accept the asylum in Scotland which had been offered to her. She was alone with her guilt and her terrors; friendless; and, as she was too well aware, not only suspected, but condemned. She felt that the fate of the page foreshadowed her own; and that she had no resource save in flight. But whither?—what mattered it? The world was wide; and turn on which side she might, she must be equally a wanderer and a stranger. The duchy of which she had been one of the brightest ornaments, was a mere speck on the map of Europe. She must escape! Once beyond the frontier and she would be safe. But to whom could she apply for help? Whom dare she trust? Doubts like these are one of the most bitter curses of greatness. The very 'divinity which doth hedge a king,' as the English poet expresses it, stops back the warmer and kindlier feelings of our fallen nature. Crowned heads and sovereign princes may boast of devoted followers and faithful servants, but it is rare, indeed, that they can secure a friend.

"Precisely in this position was Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel at this critical moment of her life. To whom could she apply for help? In whom dare she confide? These were questions which she asked herself until her brain reeled; but the minutes were growing into hours, and something must be done. After mature reflection she at length resolved to confide in her first waiting-woman, to whom she had been an indulgent and munificent mistress; Gemonde was bound to her by a thousand obligations; alike in sorrow and in joy she had shown her a ready sympathy; she had never wounded her feelings by a harsh word or a disdainful gesture; and the more she dwelt on the idea, the more she assured herself that on this woman depended her safety. From her she could not apprehend lukewarmness, and scorned to dream of treachery.

"Amply, as it appeared, was her trust rewarded; the favorite attendant, throwing herself at the feet of her august mistress, thanked her with tears and sobs for so marked and honorable a proof of her confidence; and one which, as she declared, was rendered doubly valuable from the circumstance of her having a brother whose best ambition it would be to serve so illustrious a lady; and who, being attached to the police of the city, and in constant correspondence with its numerous agents, could easily secure her escape.

"The princess had no sooner received this assurance, than she decided on leaving the palace at an hour past midnight, by a subterraneous passage with which her attendant was familiar; and which, traversing alike the ancient vaults and the modern cellars, terminated beneath the foundations of a house outside the city walls, where a carriage was to be in readiness to facilitate her flight. Confident of the practicability of this scheme; and, in consequence, no longer apprehensive of personal violence, Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, having secured in a small casket her gold and diamonds (the proceeds of which would enable her to live in comfort, if not actually in affluence, in another land), sat down with the chosen companion of her projected evasion, to weep over the frightful death of the ill-fated youth whom she had by her own frailty consigned to an early and dishonored grave: and she was still thus occupied when her husband sent to inquire if she could receive him in her apartments.

"Had she consented to do so, who can say what might have been the result of the interview? The page was dead; the princess was young, fascinating, and beautiful; and even princes are mortal. The concession might at least have saved her life; and it is probable that it would have done so; for wherefore, save to afford her a last chance of pleading her own cause, could the injured husband be supposed to volunteer so bitter a meeting? It did not take place, however; for, consulting only her passion, and the pride which she had allowed to slumber when it might have shielded her from disgrace, she refused the interview; and, drawing her desk towards her, she addressed to him perhaps the most ill-judged and dangerous note which a woman, circumstanced as she was at that moment, ever ventured to write to the husband whom she had dishonored. That note was communicated to me, and I was so much impressed by its contents that I can repeat them to you. Thus it ran:—

"'You have shed the blood of an unfortunate young man, when I alone was guilty; and you will have to answer for his death before God, as you will also have to answer for mine. Had you any sense of justice I might accept you as my judge, but I know too well that you only desire to become my executioner. We had better not meet, as I have only my curse to bequeath to you.'

"Convinced that her safety was secured, the princess despatched this letter as recklessly as she had written it; and I think you will all concede that it was not calculated to appease the irritated feelings of an offended husband," continued the Emperor after a pause; "and thus the day wore on. Twilight deepened, and the miserable Caroline, her heart bursting with grief, and her nerves shaken by anxiety, received the ladies of her household as she was accustomed to do before retiring for the night; but they had no sooner withdrawn than, trembling with impatience, she wrapped herself closely in one of the wide and coarse cloaks worn by the female peasants of Germany during the Winter months (in which disguise she trusted that she should be secure in the event of her encountering any of the servants of the palace), and drew the heavy hood over her face.

"On emerging from the ducal apartments, accompanied by her zealous attendant, she descended a back staircase; and then proceeded along a stone passage, which running parallel with the offices, received its only light from the apertures perforated in its walls at certain and infrequent intervals, that enabled her to distinguish the voices of the cooks and scullions who were, even at that hour, preparing for the repast of the following day. So clearly, indeed, did they meet her ear, that she might even have overheard their conversation had she not been absorbed by the engrossing nature of her own situation.

"This first passage traversed, several others presented themselves, which it was necessary either to cross or to pursue; but the careful waiting-woman had possessed herself by some stratagem of a handful of keys, of which she made rapid and effective use; until, in fitting one of them into the lock of an inner door that opposed their progress, the whole of those which she still carried escaped her grasp, and were scattered upon the ground. Great was the terror of the fugitives, as, with beating pulses, and straining eyes, they listened for several seconds to assure themselves that the noise of the fall had not excited any attention in the offices; when convinced that it had not been heard, they passed their hands over the sanded floor in every direction in search of their lost treasures—treasures indeed to them at that moment—and having at length succeeded in recovering them, they once more hurried on. Ere long, they had left the more modern portion of the subterraneans behind them; and found themselves in a large and lofty stone hall, which, as Gemonde informed her royal mistress, terminated the original vaults of the palace. Vainly, however, did they successively apply every key they possessed to the lock of the low-arched door which opened at the further extremity of this vast and gloomy dungeon; not one would open it; and they ultimately became satisfied that it must still be lying near the spot where the others had fallen.

"The Princess, who was by this time overcome with apprehension and fatigue, declared herself utterly unable to retrace her steps; and her devoted attendant was consequently compelled to entreat that Her Highness would sit down and rest, while she returned alone to renew her search. The alternative was a terrible one to the delicate and carefully-nurtured victim of her own vices; but there was no escape. She must submit or prepare to die of famine where she stood: unseen, unpitied, and unshrived. 'Go,' she gasped out at last; 'Go; but do not leave me long, Gemonde, or I shall become mad.' All was dark, and so profoundly still about her, that she could hear the beating of her own heart as she bent forward to listen for the return of her guide. A agony interval succeeded; the princess could not even guess at its duration; but to her it appeared as though hours had elapsed since she was left alone in that dim and dreary solitude, without an arm to sustain, or a voice to comfort here.

"For awhile the pang at her heart occupied her thoughts; and she lived over again the last hours of horror which she had passed in her princely home—visibly, plainly, she once more saw before her the dabbled corpse of her heart's idol; and she shuddered as the mangled mass appeared again to fall at her feet, and to share her lonely vigil. Fortunately for her reason, the spectral illusion vanished after a time; and then came visions of the future, when exiled alike from her adopted country and the dignities which were her birthright, she must be content to live in seclusion, unhonored and unknown.

"Gradually, however, the past and the future alike failed to withdraw her attention from the terrors of the present. She could no longer deceive herself; hours must indeed have elapsed since she was abandoned in that living tomb. Her chilling limbs were becoming unequal to support her drooping form; strange noise were in her ears; the damps of the vault were clinging to her hair, and chilling her blood. Had her attendant been discovered? Would she, to save herself from an almost certain death, leave her to her horrible, her hopeless fate? Or worse, far worse than all, had she betrayed her?

"Maddened by the thought, the wretched woman became unconscious alike of fatigue and fear; her only desire was to escape from the terrors by which she was surrounded. She felt as though the roof of the vault, spacious and lofty as it was, became every moment more heavy and more near, and that the walls were closing in upon her on every side. Human nature could passively endure no more. She started, shrieked, and fled. On! on! she must find the narrow passage by which she had entered the subterranean where she had so long watched and waited; the doors had been left unclosed behind her, for her flight had been too eager and too hurried for what her attendant had declared to be an unnecessary precaution at so late an hour, as that of her evasion. On! on! that passage must be found—but how? There was only one hope of success; and her small ungloved hand was passed along the rough and humid surface of the masonry as she followed up the boundary-wall of the vault; while from time to time she stumbled against a loose stone, and was compelled to pause, writhing with pain, ere she could pursue her dark and dangerous way.

"Suddenly she heard the trampling of feet above her, and a gleam of light penetrating through a ventilator caused her to stand motionless. She had indeed found her way back to the inhabited portion of the palace; she could again distinguish, not only voices, but even words. Thankful to know herself once more within human reach, she instinctively listened—aye, princess as she was—after enduring whole hours of a living death where neither sight nor sound of her fellow-beings had been able to reach her, she listened—"

"But who could know all this, Bonaparte?" asked the Empress, pale with emotion. "To whom did she tell all this?"

"My good Josephine," replied Napoleon, with a slight frown at the interruption, "endeavor to place yourself in her position; imagine what your own feelings would have been; how you would have struggled to escape the fate which awaited you, and be satisfied that all passed precisely as I have narrated it."

"Perhaps so; but still—"

"Bonaparte will never be able to finish his story if you do not allow him to tell it in his own way," said Madame Mère. "He hates to be questioned."

The Princess Pauline curled her beautiful lip as she asked, languidly, "Well, Napoléoné, what followed?"

"It followed, as a natural consequence," pursued the Emperor, only half appeased, "that she overheard a conversation, which at once riveted her attention and overwhelmed her with terror. 'Only to think how soon all may be over,' said a man's voice, which, rude as it was, still betrayed deep regret, and sank to her heart as she leant her throbbing temples against the stone-work of the vault; 'Poor Princess! She was in her usual health, to all appearance, at dinner-time this very day, and now they say that she is dying.'

"'We must all die, princes as well as paupers,' was the rejoinder of one of his companions; 'not one of us can buy off his last creditor.' 'True enough,' remarked a third; 'but nevertheless, this illness is wonderfully sudden. To think that she should have dined at table to-day, and that she should die to-night, is something more than one can understand.'"

"Horrible!" murmured Josephine, covering her eyes with her hand to conceal the tears which she could not suppress.

"It is needless to say," continued the Emperor, "with what frightful earnestness the princess hung upon their words. Still it might not be of her that they spoke—she was not the only princess in the palace—there was yet hope! That hope did not long endure, however: she heard rapid footsteps hurrying along the passages, and then a voice which she recognized as that of one of the ushers, exclaimed breathlessly: 'I bring you sorrowful news—in a few days we shall be in mourning for the hereditary princess.' 'Who told you that all was so nearly over?' eagerly inquired his listeners. 'Gemonde, Her Highness's favorite woman, who has scarcely left the bedside of her ill-fated mistress. I met her not ten minutes ago, half mad with grief. You all know how she loved the princess; and the sight of her sufferings had been more than she could bear. They are, she says, so violent and so acute, that nothing short of a miracle can enable her to endure them for another hour. Every one is up in the palace, and the citizens are already astir in the town. The duke has locked himself into his apartment, and refuses to be seen by any one. I only trust that he may not sink under the blow.'

"And she still stood there and listened—she whose last chance of life had been the good faith of the treacherous follower by whom she was thus betrayed—listened until the voices hissed in her ears, and strange lights danced before her dilated eyes. Once she strove to shriek out an appeal for help, but her parched tongue refused its office, and she only emitted a gurgling sob, which died away in her throat. Paralyzed by terror, she was unconscious of a muffled sound which gradually approached. There were heavy, but cautious footfalls in the deep sand which formed the flooring of the vault, but she heard them not. Her whole being was absorbed in the conversation which was still going on beside her, although she was no longer able to comprehend its nature; suddenly she felt herself seized by two robust arms, and dragged violently away from the iron-barred window that connected the vault with the kitchens. Vainly did she struggle in the grasp of her captors; her cry for assistance awoke no response as it died away in the depths of the subterraneans along which she was hurried, in dull and mocking echoes. Without respect either for her sex or for her rank, she was flung rudely to the ground, and her hands and feet secured with cords. Wildly she prayed for mercy; and called upon her family, and even upon her husband to save her; she was far removed from human aid. Vainly she sought to bribe her tormentors.

"'Take all—all—' she moaned in her agony: 'there are gold and jewels—spare my life—I am so young to die!'

"The brutal beings who were now the masters of her fate vouchsafed no reply, save by so tightening her bonds that she could not move a limb, and finally forcing a gag into her mouth. This outrage accomplished, the lower part of her body was thrust into a sack of black velvet, which was fastened round her waist and secured under her feet; and from that moment her Maker alone could hear her supplications for assistance."

"What!" exclaimed the Empress in an accent of mingled horror and dismay; "was that really the fate of the first wife of the Elector of Wurtemberg? Was it she whom the headsman of Strasbourg was compelled to murder?"

"Madame," replied Napoleon, "I am not aware that the name of the Elector of Wurtemberg has once escaped my lips throughout the tale to which you have just listened. It is true that rumor *did* connect it with the death of the princess; but the great are always calumniated by the envious. I therefore offer no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Frederic William; nor shall I even permit myself to express my sense of the extent to which such an act of retribution would have been justifiable or unjustifiable on his part. I have merely been relating to you a story which was not, as I conceived, without a certain amount of interest. I have given it to you as it was told to me; and I need not point out its moral. But I have unwittingly permitted my tale to intrude too far into the night, and I should regret to cause you unpleasant dreams."

So saying the Emperor returned